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EGYPT.

THE true history of the untoward revolution in Egypt will perhaps not be fully known at present. According to the first accounts, which were intrinsically incredible, the English Consul-General seemed to have made or encouraged concessions to the mutineers; but it now appears that Mr. COOKSON, acting on behalf of the Khedive, evaded or refused their principal demands; and Mr. COLVIN had already endeavoured to obtain the arrest of the ringleaders. The special terms on which the insurgent officers insisted are much less important than the partial success of the revolt. SHERIF PASHA, whose appointment as Minister was one of the professed objects of the insurrection, so far repudiated complicity with the plot as to refuse, in the first instance, to accept the nomination. The absurd demand for a Constitution preferred by the chiefs of a military revolution must, if it was seriously advanced, have been intended to imply the appointment of a Council to be composed of confederates of the mutineers. The audacious proposal that the numbers of the army should be increased to 18,000 men was probably made in earnest, for the purpose of increasing the strength of the temporarily dominant faction. When an armed body assumes the control of affairs in any State, liberty is for the time suspended. It matters little whether the immediate demands of mutinous soldiers are extravagant or ostensibly moderate. Their power to dictate to the regular authorities the terms of any arrangement involves the absolute despotism of their leaders. Although the officers in command of the regiments appear on the present occasion, as formerly, to have stimulated and directed the mutiny, there is reason to fear that the disaffection in the army is general. The principal officers of one regiment have been dismissed by their men for expressing disapproval of the revolt; yet it is possible that the rank and file of the army may be mere instruments in the hands of their disloyal superiors. The Egyptian peasantry has no military propensities; and probably the privates would not unwillingly return to their homes if it were possible to disband them. Neither officers nor soldiers have any associations of military glory, inasmuch as none of them have any experience of war. The auxiliaries which were sent from Egypt to the European provinces of Turkey during the Russian war were, for the most part, kept at a distance from the scene of active operations.

The Egyptian army is not required for purposes of defence or of external warfare. A moderate police force would easily preserve order among an industrious and unwarlike population. The repression of the slave-trade on the Southern frontier, even if it were efficiently prosecuted, would only require a small regular force; and the Abyssinian KING would no longer give periodical trouble if he were made to understand that encroachments on Egyptian territory would be resented by the European Powers. There is perhaps some truth in the assertion of a French journal that the mutiny is to be attributed to the idleness of an unoccupied soldiery; but in time of peace much larger armies have little or nothing to do, and yet they obey their superiors and acknowledge the paramount authority of the Government. The Egyptian officers discovered their strength some six months ago by their successful resist-

ance to an injudicious attempt to disband their troops, when the KHEDIVE had no means of paying them in full. They were then encouraged by Baron DE RING, who was consequently recalled by his Government. It is not known whether on the present occasion they have been excited by political intrigues. According to some conjectures, their leaders have received encouragement from Constantinople, though it is not stated whether their alleged accomplices held any official position. It seems improbable that the SULTAN, who spends his time in guarding against possible conspiracies, should favour a military revolt directed against his principal feudatory; but the secrets of Turkish policy are hard to discover, inasmuch as obvious interests and professed principles afford no trustworthy clue to the practice of politicians. The motives of military insurgents are essentially simple when they have no armed resistance to fear. The colonels of the regiments which besieged the palace and compelled the KHEDIVE to negotiate were primarily actuated by a love of power, and probably of money. If they can compel their Sovereign to change his Ministry they can also insist on an increase of pay, or on more sweeping pecuniary concessions. They are perhaps not sufficiently enlightened to perceive that their triumph is precarious. Any prudent adviser could inform them that the destinies of Egypt will not be permanently controlled by an insignificant body of raw troops or by their undistinguished leaders. The few names of mutinous officers which are mentioned in the reports are wholly unknown in Europe.

It is remarkable that the mutineers professed a friendly disposition to foreigners, or, in other words, to the English and French officials who manage the finances and other branches of Egyptian administration; but SHERIF PASHA, whom they proposed as Minister, affects to be the head of the national party, which, as its name implies, is opposed to European interference. The colonels who conduct the revolt are probably by this time aware that they have nothing to hope from the English representatives. The KHEDIVE might perhaps have defeated the attempt if he had possessed sufficient courage and energy to follow the advice of Mr. COLVIN by arresting the principal ringleaders. M. DE BLIGNIÈRES had, a few days before, left the country for a time, and probably none of his subordinates were qualified by influence or official rank to take an active share in the defence of the Government. Mr. MALET was engaged on a mission to Constantinople of which the purport is not yet fully known. It is believed that the English Government, foreseeing the probability of the revolt, was in certain contingencies prepared to invite the occupation of Egypt by Turkish troops. The measure would, notwithstanding obvious objections or difficulties, probably be the most expedient which could at present be adopted, should the military revolt be renewed. The employment of a joint French and English force would involve more serious complications; and it is impossible to allow the establishment in Egypt of an irresponsible military Government. If a sufficient Turkish force were despatched to Egypt, there would be little risk of resistance on the part of mutinous troops. Many of the regiments would probably refuse to fight, even if the chances of success were equally balanced. That they would expose themselves to certain defeat is in the highest degree improbable. In Egypt the army stands apart from the population, which would not

dream of taking part in any conflict. It is not impossible that the menace of a Turkish expedition would enable the KHEDIVE to disband the mutinous regiments.

It is not surprising that some French journalists seize the opportunity of exciting popular jealousy against England. Some of them insinuate that the policy which was never disavowed by Baron de RING had really been pursued, not by a French functionary, but by his crafty English colleagues. It is, according to the mischief-makers, remarkable that the French Controller should have left Egypt, and that the revolt should immediately have broken out on his departure. It is accordingly suggested that it would be desirable to despatch some French iron-clad ships to Alexandria, and to protest against the employment of Turkish troops to suppress the insurrection. It is unnecessary to inquire whether ill-informed writers share the suspicions which they express. If the test of *cui bono*, or of the party which profits by the transaction, is applied to the mutiny, the English Government must be acquitted of any interest in a most troublesome occurrence. The singularly artificial arrangement which has now lasted in Egypt for a considerable time was chiefly objectionable because it was liable to disturbance. Whatever opinion English politicians may have formed of the stability of the joint French and English administration, they have been unanimous in deciding to prolong it as long as circumstances may allow. It is doubtful whether it would have been prudent five or six years ago to accept the advice which is supposed to have been tendered to Lord BEACONSFIELD'S Government by Prince BISMARCK. At that time the French Government would perhaps not have opposed the establishment in Egypt of an English protectorate; but M. THIERS always intimated the repugnance with which his countrymen would have regarded an apparent attempt to profit by their temporary weakness. The consequence of the deference shown by the English Government to French susceptibility was the complicated contrivance which has hitherto worked with unexpected facility. The organs of the French Government express a just confidence in the good faith of England. If both Powers concur in the best means of attaining the common object, the triumph of the Egyptian mutineers may probably have accelerated the restoration of the free action of the KHEDIVE. If the English and French Governments were to intrigue against one another, the disloyal officers might perhaps for the moment profit by their disunion. Notwithstanding the suspicious connexion of the name of SHERIF PASHA with the mutiny, it seems that confidence is reposed in his integrity. If the reports of English newspaper correspondents are well founded, the new Minister has persuaded the mutinous officers to submit to the partial disbandment of the army.

IRISH MANUFACTURES AND IRISH SEDITION.

IRISHMEN have been doing their best during the past week to relieve Dublin of its reputation of being a dead-alive capital. The meeting for organizing the proposed Exhibition of Irish Manufactures, and the Land League Convention, have, in different ways, displayed the national spirit, and there may possibly be some persons who regard the display as satisfactory. As to the proposed Exhibition of Irish industry, it was obvious from the first that, in the mood in which the most influential organization in Ireland is at present, very little good could be hoped from it. Persons of the moral and intellectual calibre of Mr. SEXTON and Mr. T. P. O'CONNOR may think, or at any rate may say, that England is jealous of Irish industry. It is hardly needful to remark that there is no Englishman in possession of his senses who would not be very glad to see Ireland busy, because every Englishman in his senses knows that, until the ruinous concentration on agricultural employments, which cannot possibly support the population in comfort ceases, Ireland will never and can never be contented. The absence of the necessary natural conditions in the way of mineral wealth seems indeed to be a fatal bar to a very great extension of manufactures in Ireland; but some trades are in a measure independent of this, and the combination of agriculture and home manufactures which exists at present in Ulster, and which is also found in some of the most prosperous provinces of France, might probably be extended with much advantage. At any rate, such impulse as an Exhibition can give is grudged by no mortal to Ireland, and the ready response which has been

made by the wealthier classes to the demand for guarantees, compared with the meagre subscriptions of the Land League and the Land League partisans, shows clearly the state of the case. But the League has no intention of being outbidden; and it has been evident from the first that the Exhibition was to be made, if possible, an engine for further inflaming Nationalist passions and for assisting the campaign of Mr. PARNELL and his friends against English rule and English law. The weighty words of Archbishop McCABE—words which, it is rather painful to think, are in striking discord with other words of dignitaries of the Roman Catholic Church in Ireland on similar subjects—do not express any sentiment that Land Leaguers are likely to share. That the employer must be contented with fair profits, the employed with fair remuneration, and that the customer must not be expected to put up, for the sake of the *beaux yeux* of an imaginary Ireland, with worse or dearer wares than he can buy from Englishmen, or Frenchmen, or Americans, are truths too commonplace to commend themselves to the followers of the "Pinchbeck O'Connell."

When the meeting actually took place, the presence of Mr. SEXTON as the chief speaker of the League party would of itself have sufficiently indicated the probable course of events. That this person should—after the atrocious speech in which on Tuesday he recommended violent resistance to the Emergency Committee, remarking that, "if Mr. GODDARD or any of his men lost their lives, it would be 'justifiable homicide'—be still at large, despite the Coercion Acts, is an unlucky omen of the probable conduct of the Government during the coming winter. But when Mr. SEXTON appeared with Mr. T. P. O'CONNOR and Mr. BIGGAR as his supporters, there could be no doubt at all of what would happen. The daily papers have informed their readers very fully of what did happen. Dr. LYONS, the Liberal member for Dublin, was howled down; Mr. O'CONNOR, when appealed to to moderate the rancour of his followers, remarking that "this disgraceful scene 'should not be permitted, and Dr. LYONS should at once 'sit down.'" The Leaguers insisted on the QUEEN, the LORD LIEUTENANT, and all such persons being excluded from the rank of patrons. They yelled down a proposition to admit English plant used in the production of Irish manufactures. Accounts differ as to the constitution of the actual committee which was at last voted; but it is significant that Mr. DAWSON, a Land Leaguer and a member of Parliament, threatened all guarantors who, in consequence of the result of the meeting, should withdraw their guarantees, with Boycotting. This is probably the nearest approach to direct extortion of money by the machinery of the League that has been publicly made; but it is idle to suppose that much notice will be taken of it by the authorities. It is, indeed, very probable that the action of the Land League is in reality directed rather to the arrest of the whole movement, which is inconvenient and unmanageable to it, than to an attempt to assume a control which it has hardly the means of practically carrying out. Unless the League were to Boycott every manufacturer who did not contribute (and it is rather surprising that Mr. SEXTON or Mr. DAWSON did not suggest this means of securing a successful Exhibition), its preponderance on the Committee would hardly be likely to be greeted rapturously by Irish capitalists.

The League's own Convention followed this disgraceful scene at an interval of twenty-four hours. Every means had been taken to give the meeting the air of a distinct protest against English rule rather than a conference of the body which certain English Radicals delight to compare to the early Trade-Unions. In the resolutions proposed for discussion, when they are stripped of their Nationalist rant and of the inevitable adjectives which grace every Irish manifesto, there is sketched out a very practical scheme of preventing the Irish tenants from being contented with the Land Act. The labourers' clauses of that Act—which it may be well to remind Irishmen were the work in great measure of the English Opposition, the Land League and the Government having been equally oblivious of the labourer—are accepted as a whole, because there is a labourers' meeting sitting contemporaneously in Dublin, and it is not safe to offer them less, while the farmers are not prepared to grant more. But, as far as actual tenants themselves are concerned, a line which is not unskillful, and which will very likely be effectual, at any rate in part, is taken up. The farmer is warned that

if he accepts the Act he pledges himself to fifteen years' payment of rent without hope of abatement, and the spectre of American competition is dangled before him, so that he may be afraid to give the pledge. This is, of course, in a different form, the old Land League device of bidding the people refuse to pay rent, in order that they may be turned out of their holdings. If they persist in rejecting the statutory tenancy, they can be forced by the Court to take it or be ejected, and this will swell the band of farmless tenants who are just now the chief hope of the League. It is true that Mr. PARNELL does not as yet utterly condemn the new Court. He and his friends will present certain "test cases," with the object, doubtless, of seeing whether the Court can be cajoled or bullied into reducing the rents to a merely nominal sum. So little is known of the new Commissioners that it is impossible to say what their stamina may be. But it is perfectly possible to see what would be the result of their proving recalcitrant. The agitators could at once go to the country, strong in the double cry that the people had been deceived, and that, as so much had been wrested from the English Parliament already, it was not likely to resist a further exhibition of the same tactics.

That the actual proceedings of the Convention should, at any rate in its earlier sittings, have been uninteresting enough, is not surprising. It is more remarkable that there should have been one delegate to protest, if only on business grounds, against the mixing up of the direct objects of the League with Nationalist projects, than that even among twelve hundred there should not have been more than one. Mr. PARNELL's speech was only a paraphrase of his programme garnished with plenty of bitter words for the occasion. The cut-and-dried telegrams from America urging the adoption of something more than his policy, and threatening the stoppage of supplies in case of surrender to the Land Act, could have been foretold in substance, and almost literally by any tiro in politics. What is important is that the organization now stands fully committed to the disruption of the Empire, and to an acceptance of the Land Act only in such a sense that even the present Parliament might probably, if that sense were accepted by the Court, think of repealing or modifying the Act next year. There will doubtless be secessions, or attempted secessions, from the League; but it is altogether erroneous to say that any general dissatisfaction with its irreconcilable policy is being shown in Ireland, or that its tools are turning blunt in the hands of the users. On the contrary, in Munster at least, and in parts of Leinster and Connaught, lawlessness and outrage are steadily on the increase as the nights grow longer; and, though the Government does not refuse help to the gallant efforts of the Emergency Committee in defence of property, it seems utterly unable to devise any scheme of protecting life and limb. Perhaps Mr. FORSTER's return to Ireland may lead to more energetic action. Except that jesting with the Land League is not a safe amusement now in Ireland, it appears strange that on Wednesday some one did not suggest to Mr. SEXTON the organizing of a special Land League annex to the Exhibition of Irish Industry. A Boycotted household might well replace the Japanese tea-houses and such like things which have diverted visitors to former Exhibitions; and wax models of dead landlords, specimens of mutilated cattle, and earslit herdsmen, with pikes, masks, dynamite clocks, and other such implements of the business, would compose a section at least as interesting as some others, and far more representative of the actual industries of Ireland under the sovereignty of the Land League and the Premiership of Mr. GLADSTONE.

FRENCH PARTIES.

THE useful map which the *Times* printed in its outer sheet on Wednesday is a conspicuous proof of the growing interest which Englishmen take in French politics. For the first time a great English newspaper has taken as much pains to make the result of a French general election intelligible to its readers as it would have taken had the election been an English one. It has given them a map of France, with the political complexion of every constituency plainly marked. It would hardly have been possible to represent by a system of shading the subdivisions of the victorious party; and the simple division of the deputies into Bonapartist, Monarchist, and

Republican is, for some purposes, the most significant that could have been adopted. It shows, with almost startling clearness, the practical unanimity at which Frenchmen seem to have arrived for the present as regards the form of their political institutions. The white spaces which stand for the arrondissements that have returned Republicans constitute almost the entire map. In the eastern half of France there are only six exceptions, four Monarchist and two Bonapartist. If the Republicans did but know their own interest they would read in this conspicuous triumph the most effectual incentive to moderation. So long as Bonapartists and Monarchists formed a large part of the Chamber of Deputies, and were proportionately strong in the country, it was at least arguable that the Republic could not safely lay aside its militant character. It must remember that it had bitter and formidable enemies, and lose no opportunity of hitting them hard. Now that Bonapartists and Monarchists are alike driven from the field, the Republic can afford to be conciliatory. There is no longer an adversary in arms against it. The result, which has been coming nearer and nearer ever since 1870, is at length virtually accomplished. The Republic is not merely the strongest party in France, it has apparently become France. The opinions of this or that class of citizens, which once perhaps it was excusable to treat as necessarily identified with hostility to the Republic, need no longer be thus regarded. There is not now any organization arrayed against the Republic which can turn these opinions to its own purposes. Whether the Republic has been right or wrong in its policy towards the Church, it must be admitted that there was a time when the Church was the stalking-horse of one conspiracy after another. It has ceased to be so perhaps from no better motive than the dying out of the conspirators; but politicians ought to think more of results than of motives, and to be content to see their adversaries rendered powerless, without inquiring too closely into the reasons which have made them so. At all events, the time has come when overtures of peace might be safely made, and would certainly be accepted. The conflict with the Church, in which the French Government has voluntarily engaged, has been more successful than the German *Kulturkampf*, because the Government might now, to all appearance, conclude a treaty on the principle of *uti possidetis*. What it has gained, it would be allowed to retain. The Jesuits might remain exiles, the non-recognized religious orders might continue dispersed, and yet the POPE would look benignly on the Government by which these things had been done, and the Nuncio would be instructed to say pleasant things to the Foreign Ministry, and to preach submission and patriotism to the clergy.

It is needless to say that these are not the reflections which this map, or the facts which it presents, have suggested to the party in power. A French politician knows of no use to which a vanquished enemy can be put except to be jumped on. The more seemingly hopeless the position of a party is, the more reason there is for insulting it by word and act. It is this that constitutes the real danger of every successful French party. The first thought of no matter who is in power, is how he can make his supremacy felt. To do this it is not enough that he should be free to give effect to his own ideas for his own benefit. They must be made to minister to some one else's annoyance. What the extent of that annoyance should be may differ at different times. The amount of suffering which it pleases the existing Republicans to inflict falls very far short of that which it pleased the Republicans of 1793 to inflict. But the principle which underlies the two processes is the same. The measure of the suffering in each case is not the real or supposed necessity of the situation, but the will of the party which has the power to inflict it. A Frenchman jumps upon his enemy, not because his enemy may rise up and hurt him if he does not, but because he has the power to jump upon him, and feels a genuine pleasure in exerting it. All that the French Government has done to the Church appears to it to be only a reason for doing more. Its object is never really attained so long as it is possible to attain it with more of technical completeness. As yet the attack has been chiefly directed against the regular clergy; but it is plain that the secular clergy will be the next victims. M. CLÉMENCEAU, M. GAMBETTA, and M. FERRY are agreed that something more must be done to punish the Church, and whether the penalty takes the

form of entire repudiation by the State, or of what is euphemistically called a stricter application of the Concordat, is only a question of degree.

The facts of which the *Times*' map is the expression have naturally set the French Monarchs thinking who is to blame for the extremely poor figure they made in the elections. "An ex-Deputy," who is understood to be M. DE FALLOUX, has been saying in the *Figaro* that the whole blame falls on the Legitimists. In his opinion the present business of a Monarchist is to drop all reference to monarchy. Religious and social interests of infinitely greater moment than any form of government are now threatened, and Monarchs ought to remember that they are Christians and fathers of families before they are Legitimists. Had they done so last month, they would have said nothing about the Count of CHAMBORD and a great deal about the religious orders and godless education. The reply of the Legitimists is, that the "ex-Deputy" entirely misunderstands the situation. He writes as though the religious and social interests of which he is the self-constituted champion could be safe under a Republic, whereas experience has shown again and again—what the inner consciousness of Legitimists has always assured them—that in France at all events the legitimate monarchy is the one source from which all good things do come. You, they tell the "ex-Deputy," have no right to call yourself a Monarchist; you are a Conservative Republican. It cannot be denied that the course of events since Marshal MACMAHON's retirement has been more favourable to the Legitimist theory than to that of the "ex-Deputy." Those who, even when M. THIERS was in power, believed, or affected to believe, that the Republic must inevitably become anti-Christian, are not likely to feel their conviction on this head weakened by speeches like those of M. PAUL BERT, or by acts like those of the Mayor who at a recent examination of a Communal School presented prizes to two young citizens who had omitted to make their first communion. Incidents of this kind are the natural weapons of the party which preaches that all other considerations should be postponed to the restoration of the Count of CHAMBORD, because, until that has been brought about, there can be no security for the things that Conservative Republicans profess to value.

Even Prince NAPOLEON seems to have realized that the defeat of the Bonapartists at the elections imposes upon him an act of apparent self-denial. He is about, it is said, to resign his claim to the Imperial succession in favour of his son. His next step will perhaps be to declare that in doing this he has merely got rid of a troublesome and useless burden, and left himself free to serve as a simple soldier in the Republican army. It is pretty plain that the dignity which he thus magnanimously puts from him is to him less than valueless. If his ambition is ever gratified, it will be as a Democratic saviour of society, not as the rebuilder of an Empire. By giving his son the chance of appearing in the latter character, if he should ever be offered an engagement, Prince NAPOLEON does not damage the peculiar and limited prospect which is all that can ever be open to him, while he ceases to irritate the strict Imperialists by playing the part of dog in the manger.

THE TRADE-UNIONS CONGRESS.

THE praise which has been generally bestowed on the Trade-Unions Congress is perhaps not an unmixed compliment. The moderate style of the opening address and of the Report of the Parliamentary Committee has evidently taken newspaper writers by surprise. Having had their own way in recent legislation, the Trade-Union leaders abstain on the present occasion from declamations against capital, and their demands of further privileges are expressed in temperate language. Notwithstanding a disclaimer contained in Mr. CRAWFORD's address, the Trade-Unions and their delegates still devote their exclusive attention to the promotion of the interests of their own class. As it happens that the associated artisans have acquired paramount political power, their organization is formidable and alarming. The managers of the Congress had good reason for excluding from their proceedings apologies for the system which is now irrevocably established. Judicious politicians long ago recognized the power of workmen to form Unions, with the obvious inference that

it was useless to discuss their moral right to do what they could not be prevented from doing. It by no means follows that the operations of the Unions are uniformly beneficial or harmless. The Chairman of the London and North-Western Railway, who is neither a politician nor a theorist, stated at the last general meeting of the Company that the intervention in one trade dispute of a Union agitator, who is also a member of Parliament, had taken 100,000*l.* from the traffic receipts of the railway. The loss to the traders and to the workmen themselves must have been enormously greater. The transaction is rather representative than exceptional; but it is not likely to be noticed by the speakers at the Congress. Readers of the discussions might almost forget that the chief function of Unions is to render strikes possible and sometimes successful. In promoting such measures as the Employers' Liability Act the Unions are perhaps more legitimately occupied; but their proposal that workmen shall be prevented from contracting themselves out of the Act is more than questionable. Their actual intended interference in general politics will be an unmixed evil.

Mr. CRAWFORD, in his well-written address, quoted, as an instance of mistaken apprehension, Mr. LOWE's prophecy, delivered in 1866, that if the body of workmen were admitted to the franchise, the Union machinery was "ready to launch their votes in one compact mass "on the institutions and property of the country." The Union leaders boast that, notwithstanding their attainment of political power, the Unions have as yet done nothing of the kind. Since the establishment of household suffrage in boroughs there have been two general elections, for in 1868 the new voters were scarcely prepared for the exercise of the suffrage; and the principal change produced was the increased venality of many constituencies. In 1880 the class which supports Trade-Unions responded eagerly to the inflammatory appeals of an orator who for the time descended from the rank of a statesman to the occupation of a demagogue. The same speaker who boasts of the confutation of Mr. LOWE's forebodings demands that, in future, candidates and party leaders, instead of appealing directly to the working classes, shall communicate exclusively with the leaders of the Unions. The result of conceding his demand would be either gross and general corruption of the American type, or a process of "launching votes in one compact mass "on the institutions and property of the country." The speakers at the Congress already insist on the extension of household suffrage to the counties, for the strictly political purpose of extending and confirming the supremacy of the working class over all other sections of the community. In a still more ambitious spirit, and in total neglect of the professed objects of the organization, the Parliamentary Committee demands the enactment of a Land Bill on the model of the Irish Act, although it could in no degree concern the great body of artisans. The cynical cupidity of agricultural demagogues who seek to appropriate the property of the landowners commands the ready sympathy of the Union managers. Tenant-farmers, remembering the agitation promoted by Mr. ARCH, will probably hesitate to accept the support of associations formed for the sole benefit of workmen.

One of the political objects to which the Congress is invited by its leaders to devote its energies is the prevention of every war, irrespectively of its merits or tendency. The pardonable ignorance of artisans furnishes no excuse for a presumptuous claim to regulate interests which they have not troubled themselves to study or understand. No party in England is indifferent to the evils of war; but better-instructed politicians are aware that material welfare, as well as national honour, largely depends on the ability and readiness of a country to defend its rights. Even extreme Liberals who know something of public affairs and of history admit and assert the necessity of maintaining a navy which may be more than a match for that of any single Power. At this moment the influence of England in the regions which include the means of communication with India depends, in the last resort, on the military and naval resources of the Empire. The working classes would be among the first to feel the consequences of the impression which their leaders seek to produce, that the task of protecting English commerce and territory is to be abandoned by the Government. Pure democracy, which is in other respects an objectionable system, seems to be in England alone incompatible with patriotic feeling. In France, in Germany, in America the mass of the popu-

lation is more sensitive to the claims of national dignity. It is perhaps possible to attach too much importance to the crude notions of ambitions and inexperienced orators; but Mr. LOWE's warnings are justified by the vague political agitation which seems to be in some degree superseding the special functions of the Trade-Unions Congress. On one point the apparently unanimous judgment of the delegates may perhaps have a useful result. It appears that the manufacturing operatives retain their ancient belief in the advantages of Free-trade. As they are not disposed to join the Fair-trade Protectionists, the factious movement will probably soon collapse; though the expulsion of certain Fair-traders under the pretext that they had violated Union etiquette by paying their own expenses may be thought to savour rather of individual jealousy than of orthodox abhorrence. It was for the alleged benefit of the artisans that retaliatory or reciprocal duties were to be imposed.

It would be unreasonable to blame one industrial class for combining to promote its own interests, while capitalists employ the same modes of proceeding. The Lancashire cotton-spinners find it necessary to limit or suspend their production, because a body of speculators and brokers in Liverpool have forced up the price of cotton to an artificial level. The defeat of the monopolists concerns the workmen as much as their employers, and they will perhaps be the chief sufferers by the interruption of their industry. They have no reason to regret that the master manufacturers are probably powerful enough to counteract the mischievous ingenuity of the Liverpool gamblers. The question will perhaps be discussed before the close of the Congress, as it concerns the associated trades much more nearly than land tenure, or the theory of peace and war. Other matters of equal relevance and importance will probably not be noticed. The delegates will be disinclined to reopen the question of the expediency of the diminished hours of labour which have been secured by the efforts of the Unions. Mr. SAMPSON LLOYD, who lately presided at a Fair-trade meeting, deviated into the more practical inquiry whether English artisans could by fifty-eight hours' labour in the week effectually compete with French rivals working for seventy-two hours. It is not certain that a true answer would be in the negative; and the leisurely classes ought to sympathize with the claims of workmen to reasonable rest and recreation; but there is no doubt that some competent observers watch with anxiety the effect of short hours of labour on English industry. The settlement of practical controversies of the kind by combination is inevitable, and therefore it may be considered reasonable. The wishes of a minority will probably be overruled; but if there were no Trade-Unions the great body of workmen might be deprived of the liberty of choice. It is unfortunate that the Unions should, in accordance with the modern custom of all associated bodies, hold Congresses and listen to speeches which are naturally devoted to the exaltation of their powers and their rights, with little reference to their duties. It is necessary to acquiesce in their political activity, but not to think it beneficial.

LONDON FISH SUPPLY.

THE Corporation of London has seriously taken in hand the question of the Fish Supply, and their present activity may be accepted as an atonement for much previous delay. So long as the work is done and done properly, it will be only an additional recommendation that it is done by those to whom it belongs by prescription. So far as the Corporation in their character of the market authority are specially concerned with it, the question does not present much difficulty. The two recommendations of a market are neighbourhood to the supply and easiness of approach. The first secures that the market shall be always well filled with goods; the second secures that these goods shall be carried with no unnecessary delay to all parts of London. As regards fish, neighbourhood to the supply can, in London, only mean neighbourhood to the two great means of carriage, the river and the railways. Formerly only the river had to be considered, but of late years the railway has become a very serious rival to the river. What is chiefly to be desired in the interest of the public is that these two sources of supply should go on existing side by side. If

Londoners are to be left dependent on one of them, the most effectual guarantee of cheapness will be wanting. Competition has a wonderful effect in keeping down rates of carriage; and, though in theory it is the interest of carriers to make their trade as large as possible by carrying goods on easy terms, they seem, when there is no outside stimulus, to care as little for their own interest as if it were somebody else's. Easiness of approach means that the market is in a central position, so that all parts of London get supplied as nearly as possible at the same time, and that the streets leading from it are spacious, so that the fishmongers shall start on their journey with no unnecessary delay. At present none of these requirements are fulfilled in London. There is only one fish market, and that, in its existing state, is eminently unsuited for the purpose. Billingsgate is convenient, so far as situation goes, for fish that comes by water; it is not convenient, even in this respect, for fish that comes by railway. Fish that comes by water has to be landed before it can be sold, and the accommodation that Billingsgate affords in this way is far in the rear of the demand. When the fish has been landed and sold, it has to be carried away, and to carry it away is as tedious a process as to get away from a London crush. The fishmonger has his cart, just as the great lady has her carriage; but, like her, he is separated from it by a swarm of other vehicles, which make movement for a time impossible. Somebody must be last on these occasions, and to the fishmonger being last may easily mean serious loss.

The speakers in the debate in the Common Council seem to have been perfectly alive to the two last faults in the Billingsgate site. The Chairman of the Markets Committee, who wishes to see Billingsgate retained, at all events as a market for water-borne fish, declared that standing room for double the number of vans and carts now attending the market is urgently required, and even made the retention of the market depend on the willingness of the Government to sell the site of the Customhouse to the Corporation. What was not equally well appreciated was the improbability that the same market would be found equally convenient for fish coming by railway and fish coming by river. A great deal of opposition to the retention of the Billingsgate site seems to have been unreasonable. It is surely more convenient, as regards the bringing of fish to a waterside market, that it should be placed as low down the river as is consistent with its being fairly central, and especially that it should be below rather than above London Bridge. A fish market at Blackfriars, which was the waterside alternative presented to the Council, would involve the passage under three bridges with all the consequent danger and delay. No doubt, if Billingsgate cannot be improved so as to make it adequate to the needs of the water-borne fish traffic, another site must be found, and in that case it may be that Blackfriars, notwithstanding the difficulty about the bridges, may prove to be the best site. Mr. RUDKIN painted the advantages of the Blackfriars site in the brightest colours he could command. All, however, that he succeeded in showing was that a market of adequate size, and provided with adequate approaches, would be very far preferable to the existing market. But this is just what nobody denies. Billingsgate, as it is, does not supply the accommodation needed even for water-borne fish; and if that accommodation cannot be obtained at Billingsgate the water-side fish market must be moved elsewhere. What Mr. RUDKIN ought to have shown, but did not, was that this accommodation is not to be had at Billingsgate. The argument that the poor would go in thousands to buy their own fish if the market were made more accessible is nothing to the purpose as regards the comparative merits of the two sites. If Billingsgate were enlarged and provided with proper approaches, it would be nearer some of the poorest districts of London than Blackfriars. Mr. RUDKIN, it is true, went on to say that the fishermen on the Yorkshire coast are prepared to deliver daily at the Blackfriars market all their catch—say 50,000 lbs. of fish at $2\frac{1}{4}$ per lb., so that it could be retailed at an ample profit for 3d. per lb. They would decline, however, to have anything to do with Billingsgate, because the sale there is so uncertain. What we take this to mean is, that at Billingsgate, as it is at present, the sale is uncertain. Probably there is not sufficient provision for the retail trade. The market is too much in the hands of the large dealers, who are not anxious to encourage the trade in

what they call "offal" fish, which stands for any fish other than salmon, turbot, brill, and soles. Probably also, as fish from the Yorkshire coast must all come by railway, the undoubted disadvantages of Billingsgate as regards the disposal of railway-borne fish had some influence in provoking this determination to have no dealings with London so long as Billingsgate remains the one London fish market.

The attack upon Billingsgate and the defence of it seem equally exaggerated, the error in both cases being due to the unwillingness of the speakers to admit that the only adequate solution of the difficulty lies in the immediate establishment of two markets—one for water-borne fish in the immediate neighbourhood of the Thames, another for land-borne fish in the immediate neighbourhood of as many as possible of the railways which serve the fishing districts. When once this condition has been conceded, the retention or abolition of Billingsgate can be discussed simply upon its merits. The issue will then be found to be very much narrowed. At present it is constantly confused by the controversy whether water or land-borne fish form the most important constituent of the London fish market, and to which, in the choice of a site, most deference shall be paid. When it is treated simply as a question relating to water-borne fish, it will, we suspect, be seen that the advantages of a site below London Bridge over one above London Bridge are decisive, and that the only thing to be determined is whether Billingsgate can be made adequate to the demands of the water-borne trade. If it can, the difficulty of finding an equally good site below London Bridge, and the natural unwillingness of a trade to leave a market to which it is accustomed, will probably be found final reasons for keeping the market where it is. It may be well to repeat, however, that this conclusion presupposes that there are to be two fish markets in London. The steady growth of the railway fish trade makes it impossible that it should be much longer sacrificed to the trade in water-borne fish. At present, the latter finds a market awaiting it where the fish are landed, while the railway fish trade has to send its fish to a market far away from the station at which it arrives. If there is to be a single market for both trades, it should, plainly, be at some place where the sacrifice, at present made entirely by one, should be fairly shared between the two. There is no reason, however, why either trade should be called on to make a sacrifice which would be rendered needless by the simple expedient of having one fish market on the river bank and another as near as may be to the railways which bring fish to London. The argument that a double market means double trouble for the retailers might perhaps be disposed of by the adoption of more reasonable hours for marketing in fish than those which at present prevail.

THE FAIR TRADE AGITATION.

THE supporters of Protection under its new title of Fair Trade were injudicious in forming a League and in holding a meeting. But for their public challenge, they might have acquired credit for a strength which they have not been able to display. Three county candidates, all of respectable position and considerable ability, had simultaneously expressed entire or partial approval of their doctrines, though Mr. LOWTHER, with characteristic boldness and creditable candour, called Fair Trade by its proper name of Protection. The meeting in London was not attended by a single known politician; and the promoters had not even succeeded in establishing among themselves any preliminary understanding. The chairman was a cooper, who is discontented at the importation of foreign goods, not because a supply of useful commodities is injurious to the consumers, but on the ground that many articles are packed in foreign casks. The packages remain when the contents are extracted, to be sometimes used again by thrifty English producers. The meeting found it impossible to agree even on the fundamental principle of the party that a duty ought to be imposed on foreign corn. One sagacious economist contended that such a duty would only increase the cost of bread by the amount levied at the Custom House. That English corn-growers would add the same sum to their own prices had apparently not occurred to the Fair Trade intellect; yet it is certain that no farmer would trouble himself to cause an artificial increase in the price of foreign corn except for the purpose of adding the same amount to his own charges.

The majority of the League may probably have been less puzzle-headed; but the object which they met to promote is so chimerical that it is scarcely worth while to inquire whether a corn duty, if it were practicable, would be just and expedient. Mr. BRIGHT, with his habitual rudeness, described the advocates of Fair Trade as the "baser sort of 'Tories." It would be more reasonable to say that, as far as the movement is political, its supporters are engaged in a suicidal enterprise.

There is as yet no serious economic controversy, though traders, artisans, and farmers, under the pressure of difficulties, not unnaturally complain of foreign competition. Many of them would nevertheless hesitate to accept the sole alternative of Protection, even if it were not hopelessly beyond their reach. In his eagerness to insult his political opponents, Mr. BRIGHT blunders into a flagrant misrepresentation of the causes of distress. It is true that a series of bad seasons has been almost ruinous to agricultural industry, with the ultimate consequence of diminishing largely the home demand for all products of industry. It is nevertheless absurd to pretend that foreign tariffs have had no share in discouraging manufacturing enterprise. When almost all civilized countries are doing their utmost to prevent the importation of English goods, it would be strange if they wholly failed of their object. Mr. BRIGHT's opinions are in this respect largely affected by feelings of predilection and dislike. He hates English Tories, but he has no alien antipathies. It never occurs to him that Russia, America, Germany, and several English colonies belong to the baser sort of nations because they maintain Protection on a scale which Fair Traders have never contemplated. The gentle and courteous censure which he has sometimes addressed to American Protectionists is converted into passionate spite when he suspects English landowners of a desire to follow the example of Pennsylvanian ironmasters. As a bitter and intolerant partisan, he ought, in consistency, to feel grateful to any section of the Conservative party which strives to render impossible the return of its leaders to office. On one point his opinions happen to be sound; and for forty years he has never ceased to boast of the triumph which he and his friends achieved in the abolition of the Corn-laws. Until lately the effect of his pretensions had been gradually weakened by the conversion of all parties to the truths of free trade. The revival of heresy among the less-instructed class of Conservatives is an unmixed advantage to the Liberal cause.

It is in its bearing on party politics that the frivolous Fair Trade agitation is chiefly objectionable. There is, for the most part, no serious harm in the public discussion of fallacies which are most effectually exposed when they have become subjects of popular controversy. No long time can elapse before landowners will be convinced that the restoration of any fragment of the old Corn-laws is utterly impossible; and, if imported food is untaxed, the revenue to be derived from other protective duties would be insignificant. Farmers could not be expected to pay artificial prices for manufactured goods, while their own produce was exposed to unlimited competition. The traders who desire to exclude or to limit foreign competition are inconsiderable in number and in weight. The real grievance which is generally felt is not that foreign commodities are imported, but that English goods are excluded from foreign markets. English iron-masters and iron-founders would not suffer the less from the American tariff if heavy duties were imposed upon American products. They would, in truth, be doubly taxed, if the price of bread and of meat were raised while the duties on iron and steel remained the same as at present. There can be but few believers in the efficacy of retaliation. The producers who maintain for their own benefit restrictive legislation would derive additional strength from an admission on the part of the English Legislature that they were in the right. If retaliation is ever attempted, it will probably be confined to non-competitive articles, such as wine; and in such cases no relief would be afforded to any domestic industry. There is no danger that the reaction against economic principles should prevail. It is, indeed, unwise to trust to the universal triumph of truth when false doctrines seem to become more and more powerful in almost every foreign country; but truth combined with overwhelming preponderance of force is great and will prevail. No conceivable argument would reconcile manufacturers to taxes on raw materials, or the enormous population of the towns to

duties on food. Those who favour either measure only condemn themselves to political isolation and helplessness.

Before the invention of Fair Trade, reasonable Conservatives and moderate Liberals were gradually approaching to one another in opinion, though the boundaries of party connexion had not been visibly disturbed. Any considerable secession to the ranks of the Protectionists would reopen and perpetuate the division which was fading into a mere imaginary line. Both political sections, if they were united, would not be too strong for the purpose of resistance to revolutionary legislation. Only a few weeks have passed since the enactment of the anomalous measure which purported to find an excuse in the exceptional condition of Ireland; and already Scotch farmers have begun to agitate for the arbitrary extension of limited rights to which their claim is strictly defined by the terms of voluntary contracts. The principal organ of the Ministerial party gives currency to proposals for confiscating the whole or the greater part of the property of landowners. Even at the Fair Trade meeting, doctrines which ought to have alarmed the promoters of the League were thoughtlessly propounded. It was suggested that the proposed duty on imported corn would not have been necessary but for the deficient produce of the land as it is divided into large estates. Fair Traders were not likely to know that the gross produce of English land is much greater than that of any country of equal extent. The impending agitation against landowners will rapidly extend to every other kind of property; and there is scarcely an institution in the country which is not seriously threatened. Neither the House of Commons nor the Cabinet is exempt from revolutionary tendencies, and no confidence can be reposed in the impulsive PRIME MINISTER. If the Opposition had a leader like Sir ROBERT PEEL, it would rally by degrees all those who are interested in the rights of property and all friends of the Constitution. A heterogeneous party, composed of all discontented sections of the community, may harass the Government, but it will not be in a position to succeed it. Defiance of economic rules is especially objectionable when the main object of the adversaries of the Government ought to be resistance to interference with private rights. Mr. GLADSTONE has, when it suited his purpose, relegated political economy to Saturn and Jupiter, and he has nothing to fear from those who in another department of legislation arrogate to themselves similar license. The French Legitimists and Bonapartists, who habitually vote with the wildest anarchists for the purpose of embarrassing the Government, have not attained such a degree of success as to render them models for imitation. It would be a serious national evil that the Opposition should, in its conflict with a dangerous faction, commit itself to untenable issues.

THE LIVERPOOL COTTON CORNER.

THE English public have become suddenly and painfully familiar with the special dialect of the cotton trade. "A week ago there were few people not connected with Lancashire who could have defined the difference between "spot" cotton and "futures." To-day "futures," at all events, have become a household word with vast numbers who are either patiently looking forward to inevitable losses or calculating how much they will have to endure in order to bring these losses to an end. The question has even a more universal interest, by reason of the possible extension of the corner system to still more necessary trades. It is bad enough when the supply of cotton is artificially restricted, and the mills of Lancashire are forced to stop working, in order to bring those who have restricted it to their knees. But, supposing the plan of stopping the mills to answer, it has the great merit that it can be tried. England will not be materially the worse if for the next seven or fourteen days no more cotton is spun or manufactured. But what would be done if the corner, instead of being in cotton, were in corn or in some drug universally used and absolutely irreplaceable? The eaters of bread could not stop the consumption for a week or fortnight. The sick people, to whom such and such a medicine is a matter of life and death, would have to buy it until their means of paying for it were exhausted. To all appearance, therefore, the success of the corner man in either of these instances would be complete. The

whole supply of an article of absolute necessity would be in his hands, and he would be able in consequence to charge his own price for it. This is a perfectly possible contingency; indeed, as regards corn it has once or twice been on the eve of occurring. Consequently the sympathy of the public with the cotton-spinners is of the acutest and most personal kind. The conspiracy they are resisting in Lancashire is identical in kind with those which may hereafter have to be resisted in all parts of the country. Unfortunately, for the reason just assigned, the experience of the cotton-spinners is only indirectly available for other trades. The immediate effect of the closing of the mills cannot be reproduced in the corn trade or the drug trade. There the manufacture of the article must go on, whether the supply of it be abundant or short, and whether the price be normal or extravagant. It is to the effect—if there be any effect—of the collateral agencies which the Lancashire spinners may be able to bring into play that the public will look with most interest, because it is these agencies alone that can by any possibility be invoked in the analogous cases.

What a corner is, is very easily understood when once the term has been explained. The same man, or the same group of men, is at once buyer and seller. He is buyer because he has contracted for the delivery to him of all the cotton, or other goods with which the speculation has to do, in existence at some future time. He is seller because he has contrived in the meanwhile to buy up beforehand all the cotton or other goods which will be in existence at that time. Consequently, when the time arrives, and the dealers who have contracted to deliver the cotton go into the market to buy it, they find that it is already in the hands of the man to whom they have agreed to sell it. Of this circumstance, however, the law takes no cognizance. The dealers have agreed to deliver so much cotton to A., and they are bound to carry out their undertaking without reference to the fact that they must buy it from A. in order to have it to deliver. A., therefore, has it in his power to put up the price of cotton to any point he likes—subject, of course, to the proviso that this point must not be so high as to make the cotton absolutely unsaleable. The present endeavour of the cotton-spinners is to cause the cotton to become unsaleable at a point below that which the corner man has assigned in his own mind. He has calculated that they will endure a certain amount of loss; that, rather than close their mills, they will go on buying cotton from him, even though the price they have to pay for it eats up all the profit they ordinarily make by selling the yarn to the manufacturers. The spinners have now turned round on him. They prefer to bear their losses in a form which they hope will be fatal to the corner man. It is annoying, of course, to have to stop their mills when the necessity for doing so is artificially created, and to allow the capital invested in buildings and machinery to lie idle. But it is less annoying to do this than to go on working and see the returns accruing from this capital passing into the pocket of the corner man instead of into their own. They have accordingly agreed to close their mills for at least a week, and to buy no cotton in the meantime. In this way they hope to bring the device of the corner man to nought. He has raised the price of cotton, it is true; but of what avail will this be to him when the demand for cotton is suspended? He has bought on unusually favourable terms, but, now that the bargain is completed, he will find that he has only got possession of a commodity which he cannot sell, and which is useless to him so long as it remains unsold.

The worst of this method of retaliation is that the real brunt of it falls on those who are not a party to its employment. The cotton-spinner will not be seriously injured by a short stoppage of work. It will merely ensure a brisker demand for yarn when he re-opens his mill. But the workmen whom the closing of the mill throws out of employment are in a very much less secure position. To some extent, perhaps, they may be recouped by better trade and higher wages by and by; but against this chance must be set the unpleasant certainty that they will have to live for a week or a fortnight on credit or on savings which have both been heavily drawn upon by the recent trade depression. It is certainly desirable that this process, however necessary it may be for the moment, should not remain the only method of defeating the corner man. It inflicts a great deal of undeserved suffering on a class which is in no way

what they call "offal" fish, which stands for any fish other than salmon, turbot, brill, and soles. Probably also, as fish from the Yorkshire coast must all come by railway, the undoubted disadvantages of Billingsgate as regards the disposal of railway-borne fish had some influence in provoking this determination to have no dealings with London so long as Billingsgate remains the one London fish market.

The attack upon Billingsgate and the defence of it seem equally exaggerated, the error in both cases being due to the unwillingness of the speakers to admit that the only adequate solution of the difficulty lies in the immediate establishment of two markets—one for water-borne fish in the immediate neighbourhood of the Thames, another for land-borne fish in the immediate neighbourhood of as many as possible of the railways which serve the fishing districts. When once this condition has been conceded, the retention or abolition of Billingsgate can be discussed simply upon its merits. The issue will then be found to be very much narrowed. At present it is constantly confused by the controversy whether water or land-borne fish form the most important constituent of the London fish market, and to which, in the choice of a site, most deference shall be paid. When it is treated simply as a question relating to water-borne fish, it will, we suspect, be seen that the advantages of a site below London Bridge over one above London Bridge are decisive, and that the only thing to be determined is whether Billingsgate can be made adequate to the demands of the water-borne trade. If it can, the difficulty of finding an equally good site below London Bridge, and the natural unwillingness of a trade to leave a market to which it is accustomed, will probably be found final reasons for keeping the market where it is. It may be well to repeat, however, that this conclusion presupposes that there are to be two fish markets in London. The steady growth of the railway fish trade makes it impossible that it should be much longer sacrificed to the trade in water-borne fish. At present, the latter finds a market awaiting it where the fish are landed, while the railway fish trade has to send its fish to a market far away from the station at which it arrives. If there is to be a single market for both trades, it should, plainly, be at some place where the sacrifice, at present made entirely by one, should be fairly shared between the two. There is no reason, however, why either trade should be called on to make a sacrifice which would be rendered needless by the simple expedient of having one fish market on the river bank and another as near as may be to the railways which bring fish to London. The argument that a double market means double trouble for the retailers might perhaps be disposed of by the adoption of more reasonable hours for marketing in fish than those which at present prevail.

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THE English public have become suddenly and painfully familiar with the special dialect of the cotton trade. "A week ago there were few people not connected with Lancashire who could have defined the difference between "spot" cotton and "futures." To-day "futures," at all events, have become a household word with vast numbers who are either patiently looking forward to inevitable losses or calculating how much they will have to endure in order to bring these losses to an end. The question has even a more universal interest, by reason of the possible extension of the corner system to still more necessary trades. It is bad enough when the supply of cotton is artificially restricted, and the mills of Lancashire are forced to stop working, in order to bring those who have restricted it to their knees. But, supposing the plan of stopping the mills to answer, it has the great merit that it can be tried. England will not be materially the worse if for the next seven or fourteen days no more cotton is spun or manufactured. But what would be done if the corner, instead of being in cotton, were in corn or in some drug universally used and absolutely irreplaceable? The eaters of bread could not stop the consumption for a week or fortnight. The sick people, to whom such and such a medicine is a matter of life and death, would have to buy it until their means of paying for it were exhausted. To all appearance, therefore, the success of the corner man in either of these instances would be complete. The

whole supply of an article of absolute necessity would be in his hands, and he would be able in consequence to charge his own price for it. This is a perfectly possible contingency; indeed, as regards corn it has once or twice been on the eve of occurring. Consequently the sympathy of the public with the cotton-spinners is of the acutest and most personal kind. The conspiracy they are resisting in Lancashire is identical in kind with those which may hereafter have to be resisted in all parts of the country. Unfortunately, for the reason just assigned, the experience of the cotton-spinners is only indirectly available for other trades. The immediate effect of the closing of the mills cannot be reproduced in the corn trade or the drug trade. There the manufacture of the article must go on, whether the supply of it be abundant or short, and whether the price be normal or extravagant. It is to the effect—if there be any effect—of the collateral agencies which the Lancashire spinners may be able to bring into play that the public will look with most interest, because it is these agencies alone that can by any possibility be invoked in the analogous cases.

What a corner is, is very easily understood when once the term has been explained. The same man, or the same group of men, is at once buyer and seller. He is buyer because he has contracted for the delivery to him of all the cotton, or other goods with which the speculation has to do, in existence at some future time. He is seller because he has contrived in the meanwhile to buy up beforehand all the cotton or other goods which will be in existence at that time. Consequently, when the time arrives, and the dealers who have contracted to deliver the cotton go into the market to buy it, they find that it is already in the hands of the man to whom they have agreed to sell it. Of this circumstance, however, the law takes no cognizance. The dealers have agreed to deliver so much cotton to A., and they are bound to carry out their undertaking without reference to the fact that they must buy it from A. in order to have it to deliver. A., therefore, has it in his power to put up the price of cotton to any point he likes—subject, of course, to the proviso that this point must not be so high as to make the cotton absolutely unsaleable. The present endeavour of the cotton-spinners is to cause the cotton to become unsaleable at a point below that which the corner man has assigned in his own mind. He has calculated that they will endure a certain amount of loss; that, rather than close their mills, they will go on buying cotton from him, even though the price they have to pay for it eats up all the profit they ordinarily make by selling the yarn to the manufacturers. The spinners have now turned round on him. They prefer to bear their losses in a form which they hope will be fatal to the corner man. It is annoying, of course, to have to stop their mills when the necessity for doing so is artificially created, and to allow the capital invested in buildings and machinery to lie idle. But it is less annoying to do this than to go on working and see the returns accruing from this capital passing into the pocket of the corner man instead of into their own. They have accordingly agreed to close their mills for at least a week, and to buy no cotton in the meantime. In this way they hope to bring the device of the corner man to nought. He has raised the price of cotton, it is true; but of what avail will this be to him when the demand for cotton is suspended? He has bought on unusually favourable terms, but, now that the bargain is completed, he will find that he has only got possession of a commodity which he cannot sell, and which is useless to him so long as it remains unsold.

The worst of this method of retaliation is that the real brunt of it falls on those who are not a party to its employment. The cotton-spinner will not be seriously injured by a short stoppage of work. It will merely ensure a brisker demand for yarn when he re-opens his mill. But the workmen whom the closing of the mill throws out of employment are in a very much less secure position. To some extent, perhaps, they may be recouped by better trade and higher wages by and by; but against this chance must be set the unpleasant certainty that they will have to live for a week or a fortnight on credit or on savings which have both been heavily drawn upon by the recent trade depression. It is certainly desirable that this process, however necessary it may be for the moment, should not remain the only method of defeating the corner man. It inflicts a great deal of undeserved suffering on a class which is in no way

responsible for the corner man's misdoings, and it cannot be applied universally. The best cure for speculations of this kind is to be sought in more stringent rules of business, in greater publicity of transactions, and in sharper and more effective expressions of trade opinion. It may be contended possibly that cornering is a legitimate process, and that there is no need to take fresh precautions against it. As regards this plea, it is hard, no doubt, to say what is and what is not a legitimate process when trading on a large scale; but whether cornering be so or not, the excessive inconvenience which it causes supplies a quite sufficient reason for putting it down.

There is no need to go into the morality of cornering. We will assume that the corner man may look at smokeless chimneys, silent spindles, and starving operatives, may know that this is all his work, and may yet feel that he has not the slightest reason for being ashamed of what he has done. But even the exercise of our virtues may have to be restrained if it causes inconvenience and suffering to our neighbours. Irreproachable as the corner man may be from a moral point of view, he is highly inconvenient from an economical point of view, and that is ample justification for limiting his freedom. The Committee of the Liverpool Cotton Brokers' Association ought not to find it a very difficult matter to frame rules which should head the corner man at some point or other in the long series of steps by which he carries out his end. Some method of registration of purchases might be devised which should make it evident whether any unusual amount of cotton was coming into certain hands, and so warn the dealers who have contracted to deliver futures at this or that date to lose no time in obtaining the means of fulfilling their contracts. It is hardly probable, however, that if public opinion goes on condemning cornering with the same decision which it has lately shown, speculators of the class to which corner men ordinarily belong will continue to practise it. Everything, of course, depends on the consistency with which the censure conveyed by these denunciations is applied. To take a very obvious instance, a cotton-spinner will call a corner man a swindler, a shoplifter, a robber; but would he refuse to give him his daughter in marriage? Is his abuse the expression of a genuine belief that cornering is an illegitimate and dishonest use of trade opportunities, or merely of natural irritation at the annoyance which this use of them has inflicted on him? In one word, is cornering swindling? If the Lancashire public has made up its mind to say yes to this question, a cornering syndicate will soon become of as rare occurrence as a "long firm."

THE WOES OF RAILWAY TRAVELLERS.

THE season of grumbles about the inconveniences of travelling has set in with unusual severity, but with a certain difference. The majority of the complaints which fill columns of the *Times* in September are in ordinary years directed against Continental railways; this year it has been our own railway system which has had to bear the brunt of the attack. There has, of course, been a dropping fire on the foreigner, who, it must be said, as a rule, takes very little notice of it. One Correspondent in particular has drawn a lurid picture of the Lyons Railway, connecting the recent accidents with the corruption of the officials, who, according to him, keep the trains waiting, in order that they may secure higher and ever higher bribes for separate compartments, *fauteuils-lits*, and other privileges, which are in turn rendered necessary by the abandoned character and repulsive habits of travellers in the ordinary carriages. But whether it is that, owing to the lateness of the Session, fewer people than usual have yet returned from the Continent, or that the bad weather in August deterred them from going, there has been much less grumbling of this particular class than usual. Very few complaints in particular have been made of what is unquestionably the worst nuisance of Continental travelling, the danger of having luggage broken open and robbed *en route*. This, which is absolutely unknown in England and not very common in France, is of constant occurrence in Germany, Switzerland, and Italy, but up to the present time few victims have complained of it.

On the other hand, there is an almost unexampled chorus of grumbling at the arrangements of the English lines, especially at their arrangements with what may be

called regular customers. The burden was first taken up by a season-ticket holder, and season-ticket holders have continued to furnish the majority of the lamentations; but the minority has been sufficiently varied. The numerous and vexatious restrictions imposed upon these contract ticket-holders, the reluctance to meet them half-way in regard to occasional journeys beyond the limits of their contract, the rapacity with which any oversight is punished by the impounding of deposits and the charging of ordinary fares in default of punctual renewal—all these old and well-known complaints have been repeated in every possible variety. A great chorus of wailing has also been set up over the unpunctuality of the service; and here, as usual, the two chief Southern Companies, with the London and Brighton as a good third, come in for the greater part of the blame. Several novel points—points of considerable importance to the persons concerned—have been introduced into the discussion, owing to the immense extension of suburban traffic of late years. There is one question, in particular, which seems to cause more heart-burning than any other. The fares to and from stations on the different lines round London are, as every one knows, arranged in batches—that is to say, the charge is the same from any one of a considerable group of stations to any one of another considerable group. But some Companies, if not all, have a strong objection to allowing the return-ticket holder to have the benefit of this arrangement, and insist on the article of their by-laws which states that a ticket is only available to or from the stations named on it. The point has more than once come before the courts of law, with varying results; though we believe that in the highest court to which it has yet been taken in any particular case judgment was given, on the ground of express contract, in favour of the Company. On the other hand, the balance of decisions is decidedly against the Railway Companies on another point very dear to them, the freedom from liability which they claim in case of loss arising from unpunctuality or failure to meet corresponding trains. It is argued, moreover, that many of the regulations, and more still of the practices, of the Companies are altogether *ultra vires*, such as the compulsory clipping of tickets, the refusal to recognize a ticket issued for one train as valid for another, and so forth. Lastly, there is the wide subject of insufficient arrangements for the comfort and convenience of passengers. With regard to actual comfort, a good deal of progress has been made—at least on the Northern and Western lines—in the last few years. But it is still impossible, save on a few rare occasions, to get tickets except by struggling at a window in a limited time and space. There is still an entirely arbitrary power exercised of disarranging and postponing ordinary traffic in favour of profitable extras, such as race trains and the like, at fares which are very nearly, if not quite, illegal. Above all, there is still the absence of the most rudimentary attention to convenience, and even safety, in the matter of luggage. We have said that the English porter or guard rarely emulates his German and Italian compeer in the practice of actual robbery. But it still needs not a little vigilance on the part of the traveller, unless he wishes that, in the words of an old burlesque, "his carpet-bag shall be at Bath, his trunk at Jericho"; and the arrangements for delivery of luggage at the end of a journey are still almost incredibly insufficient. Luggage robberies at the terminus are sufficiently common; the only wonder is that they are not much more frequent. As soon as the train stops, the luggage is disgorged on the open platform from probably three or four different parts of a long train. Sometimes the formality of drawing movable rails round it is observed, and in a few cases numbered check tickets are given; but even then the nearest porter inside is sure to have entire faith in the statements of the first claimant outside. There must be very few people at all accustomed to railway travelling who have not arrested something of their own on its way, perhaps by mistake, perhaps by intention, to somebody else's cab.

As usual, the railway companies, in the exercise of the wisdom of their generation, hold their peace. They know that the grumblers are almost powerless, and that in a short time they will have something else to do than to grumble. If any answer beyond a mere red-tape one is ever attempted, it is of the kind which report ascribes to Sir EDWARD WATKIN on a recent occasion at Hastings. That Cinque Port is a notoriously aggrieved one in the matter of railway service, and it has found the Railway Commis-

mission but a rotten reed. Sir EDWARD, on a public occasion, seems to have been mildly reproached by the Mayor, and to have replied softly, but with a gentle reminder that he himself and his relations held more stock in the South-Eastern Railway than all Hastings put together. The oddity of this argument, if it was really used, for which of course we cannot vouch, is exemplary. It is as if a tradesman, being remonstrated with for the bad quality of his ware should reply, "Sir, I am very sorry, but you must reflect that I have a greater interest in conducting this business for my advantage than for yours." Of course the reason why the tradesman does not make this retort, while the railway director does, is that the former has the fear of competition before his eyes, and the latter has not, except in a few cases—in which cases, it need hardly be said, he takes very good care to meet complaint, or rather forestall it, in a very different spirit. The great towns of the North and the Midlands are almost all served by several different Companies. There is therefore brisk competition between these—not, indeed, in the old ruinous spirit of folly which made it possible at one time to travel first-class from London to Liverpool for five shillings, but in the provision of the quickest, most punctual, most comfortable, and most convenient service possible. At this moment Manchester can be reached from London by any one of four of the greatest trunk lines in the kingdom; and the consequence is that in the Midland and the North-Western express trains almost every possible improvement has been introduced. The traveller, even in the cheaper classes, is comfortably seated, can depend on swift and punctual travelling, has for the most part his luggage close at hand in a compartment of the same carriage, and is even furnished with most of the advantages of saloon or Pullman cars. On the other side of London things are changed. There the only competition is for the through Continental traffic, and this is, accordingly, the only class of passenger traffic that is looked after. As for Parliamentary interference, it is theoretically quite justifiable, because of the exceptional position in which railways as trading corporations are put by their Parliamentary powers. But it is very difficult to procure, owing to the strength of the railway interest; and it is not clear that it would be really effectual. The proposed Railway Passengers' Defence Association—a very old proposition, often renewed but always dropping through—might, indeed, do some good by restricting the present undoubtedly illegal encroachments of the Companies and enforcing compensation in every case of breach of contract. But it would not be very easy to organize it, in the first place, and it would in all probability be still more difficult to keep it together.

THE HOME OF JOHN BUNYAN AT ELSTOW.

IT was no doubt wrong, but it was very natural, that, in spite of Bunyan's undeniably modern date, a large portion of the attention of the Archaeological Institute, at their recent meeting at Bedford, should be devoted to him; and that Elstow, the place of his birth and his home for the first thirty years of his life, should be a leading object in the excursions. Even Dean Merivale had to devote several paragraphs of his address to the local hero. As every one who made a public harangue at Athens must sing the praises of the goddess Athene, "so," the Dean remarked, "any one speaking in Bedford must magnify him whom we might almost call the patron saint, the pride and glory of the town, the famous John Bunyan." Besides the Dean's address, two of the memoirs read at the meeting were devoted to the same absorbing subject; that of the Rev. John Brown, minister of the chapel that bears Bunyan's name, on "Recent Memorials of Bunyan"; and that of the Rev. James Copner, vicar of Bunyan's native parish, on his "Connection with Elstow." The former paper presented much that was new, the result of Mr. Brown's own painstaking investigations. Mr. Brown showed that, so far from Bunyan being of gipsy descent, as an ingenious American writer has endeavoured to prove, the name Bunyan, in one of its many forms, had been already known in Bedfordshire for full seven centuries, first appearing in the chronicle of Dunstable in 1219, and was repeatedly found in the Records of the Court Leet, the Registry of the Court of Probate, the accounts of the Guild of the Holy Trinity at Luton, and other mediæval documents, as well as in the parish registers of Bedford and other places in the county. "The Bunyans of Elstow—where they were living as early as 1603—appear to have been the poor retainers of a family other branches of which were substantial yeomen in the county quite three centuries ago." The annual parochial returns of the Archdeaconry of Bedford, now for the first time examined, have supplied many hitherto unknown names and dates connected with the Bunyan family. Both

the father and grandfather of John Bunyan were named Thomas. The former was baptized in February 1603 at Elstow Church, where, four-and-twenty years afterwards, May 23, 1627, he took for his second wife one Margaret Bentley, John Bunyan's mother. John himself was baptized at Elstow, November 30, St. Andrew's Day, in the following year, 1628.

Mr. Brown has discovered that Bunyan lost his mother when he was between fifteen and sixteen years old, and that the congregation of which the "holy Mr. Gifford," once a debauched Royalist officer, was pastor, to which Bunyan joined himself and of which he became pastor in 1672, used St. John's Church as their place of worship till the reinstatement of the Rev. Theodore Crawley, who had been ejected by the Puritans, after the Restoration in 1660. Mr. Copner's paper contained little that was new beyond some fresh *scintilla* of evidence in support of his theory—ably, and we think effectually, combated by Mr. Brown, and discredited by Mr. Edward Peacock—that Bunyan was at heart a Royalist, and that his seven months' soldiering was passed under the standard of Charles I., and not of the Parliament, and that he was not more than seventeen at the time of his marriage to his first wife, when, without "so much household stuff as a dish or spoon between them," the young couple began to occupy the cottage at Elstow ever since coupled with Bunyan's name.

Elstow, John Bunyan's birthplace, is a little village of old-fashioned, half-timbered cottages, with overhanging stories, projecting porches, and gabled dormers, covered with clustering roses and honeysuckles, clustering round the village-green. The pedestal and stem of the ancient market cross breaks the sward, and at the upper end of the green stands the Moot Hall, picturesque brick and timber building of the end of the sixteenth century. The church, which rises somewhat shapeless, but not altogether undignified, on the south side of the green, is a mere fragment of that of the nunnery founded here in 1078 for Benedictine nuns, by Judith, niece to William the Conqueror, in vain atonement for the base part which she, a second "Herodias" or "Job's wife," as the Anglo-Norman Chronicle calls her, had borne with traitorous and lying tongue in the judicial murder of her husband Waltheof, Earl of Huntingdon—the greatest crime, and, we may add, the greatest blunder, in the Conqueror's life. Elstow, or according to the ancient form found on the conventional seal, "Ellenstowe," like Brideonstow, Morwenstow, Edwinstowe, and other similar names, takes its designation, the *stow* or place of St. Helen, from the original dedication of the church in Saxon times to St. Helena, the mother of the Emperor Constantine. The Church of Rome, with her all-absorbing centralization, has ever shown herself as unfriendly to local saints as to provincial liturgies or national uses. Thus St. Guthlac was almost buried at his own Crowland beneath the later names of St. Mary and St. Bartholomew. St. Peter took precedence of St. Wilfrid at Ripon and of St. Etheldreda at Ely, while his brother apostle St. Andrew was placed before St. David in his own Cathedral of Menevia. In this way the old Saxon chapel of St. Helen became the Church of St. Mary of Elstow, which in due course had to give way at the Reformation to "the Holy and Undivided Trinity."

Elstow Church, in which John Bunyan was baptized and married, and where for many years he worshipped, regarding, as he tells us, with an almost superstitious reverence the "High Place," and all belonging to it, "priest, clerk, vestment, service, and what else," in the early days of the "Directory," is the nave of the original nunnery church, preserved at the Dissolution for the use of the parishioners, whose church it had doubtless always been, when the conventional portions were pulled down by the grantee, Sir Humphrey Ratcliffe. This was the most usual mode of dealing with monastic churches in which the parishioners had joint rights with the conventional body. The choir and transepts, with the central tower, where there was one, were pulled down by the grantee, and the materials sold or employed to erect a mansion-house hard by, while the nave was left standing. Examples of this are abundant in every part of England. It is sufficient to name Lanercost, Bridlington, Binham, Dunstable, Leominster, Waltham, and Malmesbury as typical instances. Sometimes, but much more rarely, as at Pershore, Hexham, Boxgrove, and New Shoreham, the arrangement was reversed, the parishioners becoming possessed of the eastern part by purchase or gift as their parish church, the nave, their original place of worship, being destroyed. Where the whole church is left, it is either that, as at Great Malvern and Selby, the parishioners bought the conventional church, no part of which had ever been parochial, and deserted their old parish church, which had stood quite distinct; or that, as at Sherborne, Tewkesbury, Dorchester, and other places, the church having been originally shared between the two bodies, the parishioners bought the monks' church and added to it their own. One more class remains, containing, as far as we know, only Ewenny and Dunster (not to dogmatize about Arundel), where the eastern limb was simply allowed to stand, but regarded as completely distinct from the parochial portion, and allowed to fall into disuse, and consequently disrepair.

What remains of Elstow Church is Norman of a very rude type in the eastern part, succeeded by four Early English bays of much better character towards the west, the building having, as usual, grown from the altar end westwards. It has a lofty clerestory, with good shafted lancets at the west end. The absence of a blocked transverse arch at the east end, such as we have at Waltham Abbey and other similarly truncated buildings, seems to indicate that we do not see the whole of the structural nave, but that the conventional

choir having, as usual in Norman churches, stretched over one or more bays of the western limb, these bays were included in the Royal grant and perished with the rest. Analogy would lead us safely to assert that there must have been a central tower. The existing detached belfry, the scene of Bunyan's exploits as a bell-ringer—the fourth being that which tradition asserts to have been his favourite bell—as well as of his graphically depicted struggles of conscience, when, having been convinced of the sinfulness of the amusement, he could not refrain from going to look on till forced to flee for fear that first the bell and then the steeple should fall on his guilty head—may be the result, as at Wymondham, of some forgotten dispute between the nuns and the parishioners, or be merely, like the similar towers of Blyth, Shrewsbury, Christ Church, and elsewhere, the result of a natural desire for independence. Why it stands where it does, full seven yards from the north-west corner of the church, instead of being as usual attached to the west end, we can hardly hope to determine. Perhaps the ground to the west on which it would have been built belonged to the convent, and the ladies refused to come to terms. The tower is a massive structure, of late Perpendicular date, with widely-spreading buttresses. The rough flagged floor of the belfry, bearing the marks of Bunyan's hoisted boots, together with those of generations of ringers before and since, happily remains undisturbed, and we can only hope may escape the sweeping restoration which is now threatening to carry away much that is most characteristic in the church itself. Repair was certainly needed. Portions of the building were absolutely dangerous, and menaced a speedy ruin. The interior had a most dreary, neglected air, with whitewashed walls, and blocked up or broken windows, and square deal pews lined with fusty green baize. Dirt and squalor prevailed. When, however, we read of the removal of the roof, the pulling down and rebuilding of the clerestory and aisle walls, and the complete gutting of the church, we confess that we tremble lest we should get a new church for an old, with all reminiscences of Bunyan effectually wiped out. The advertisement by an enterprising book-selling firm of an "Elstow" edition of *The Pilgrim's Progress*, literally "bound in boards" made of the oak of Elstow Church, made us fear that the old seats, including Bunyan's own bench, had been cast out as so much rubbish. We are, however, glad to be assured that these are safe, and that it is only the timbers of the roof that have been thus strangely utilized. The lovely little fourteenth-century apartment, groined from a central shaft, attached to the west end of the south aisle, popularly known as the "Nun's Choir," and sometimes, but erroneously, supposed to have been the chapter-house, is, we are told, receiving careful treatment, the injured vaulting being restored stone by stone. The singular moulded brackets connecting the vaulting ribs with the capital in this room are probably unique. Their loss would be irreparable.

To the south of the church the remains of the Jacobean mansion of the Hillesdens, pieced on to the walls of the nunnery, with their ivy-draped mulioned windows and little domestic chapel wreathed with foliage, form a very picturesque feature. It must have been a grand new house in Bunyan's early days. The cottage where Bunyan was born cannot be identified. That occupied by him after his first marriage, where his children were born and the fierce spiritual conflicts were waged, narrated in his *Grace Abounding*, is pointed out, but alterations and repairs have made it essentially a modern building. Here in the time of the late Dean Bowers of Manchester, who was formerly Rector of Elstow, the very forge used to be shown at which Bunyan worked. This, too, has now passed away. Bunyan was living here in April 1654, when his daughter Elizabeth, who died in childhood, was born. Between that year and 1660 he must have left his native village, and gone to reside at Bedford, where he is stated to be living in his indictment of that year. The site of the house in Cuthbert Street in which he resided after his release in 1672 till his death is still pointed out. As is well known, twelve years of Bunyan's Bedford life were spent in gaol, at one time making tagged laces for the support of his family, at another writing the work which, little as he could then have anticipated it, has been translated into almost every language of the civilized world—the Bunyan library contains a translation into Chinese with Japanese illustrations—and has made his name immortal. This gaol, the "Den," as he calls it in the opening words of his *Pilgrim's Progress*, was not, as sensational writers have loved to represent it, the damp and stifling dungeon on the central pier of Old Bedford Bridge, which was nothing more than a mere town lock-up for casual vagrants, but in the county gaol standing between High Street and Silver Street. This has now been pulled down, and its site has become an open market, and only a small fragment of its side wall remains for the gratification of pilgrims. "Bunyan Meeting" contains a curious museum of miscellaneous articles, such as his apple scoop, penknives, scales for testing the weight of the coins paid him, a curious little cabinet with nests of drawers, and the solid oaken chair with carved legs in which he used to sit. The most interesting of these memorials is the "Church Book," containing the records of the Baptist congregation of which Bunyan had been appointed pastor on the 21st of January, 1672, the year of his liberation from his twelve years' imprisonment. His formal pardon under the Great Seal was not issued until the 13th of September of that year. But on the 9th of the preceding May he had received a license to preach, among about three thousand other Nonconformist teachers, and during this interval his incarceration was merely nominal. This year is celebrated in the annals of Nonconformity as "the year of Liberation." The

Cabal Ministry were preparing for a new war with Holland, to avenge the insults and injuries of 1666. Though they had no love for sectarians, it was expedient to conciliate them, that the difficulties of a foreign campaign might not be aggravated by internal dissensions. So the famous "Declaration of Indulgences" was published by Royal authority; and, in Mr. J. R. Green's words, "ministers returned after years of banishment to their houses and to their flocks; chapels were reopened; the gaols were emptied; Bunyan left his prison at Bedford, the 'Den' where he had been visited with his marvellous dream." The first entry in the "Church Book" is not dated at Bedford, but at the neighbouring village of Gamlingay, where, before his imprisonment, Bunyan had laid the foundations of a congregation, and records the propounding of the desire of "Sister Behemont to walk in fellowship." As the contrary is not stated, we may conclude that the desire of the fair sister—whose name, so queerly suggestive of the huge water-beast of the Book of Job, is merely a phonetic form of Beaumont—was granted. A subsequent entry, however, the first in Bunyan's own handwriting, tells us how "at a full assembly of the Congregation was with joint consent of the whole Body cast out of the Church John Rush of Bedford for being drunke after a very beastly and filthy manner, that is"—the definiteness is worth remarking—"above the ordinary rate of drunkards; for he was not carried home from the 'Swan' to his own house without the help of no less than three persons, who when they had brought him home could not present him as one alive to his familie, he was so dead drunke." This Church Book, kept continuously down to the present day, abounds in curious entries throwing light on Nonconformist religious life. We are surprised it has not been printed.

Another interesting document among the Bunyan papers, the only holograph known, is what is erroneously known as "Bunyan's will." It is dated December 23, 1683, the year of Monmouth's rebellion, and is really a deed of gift to his wife Elizabeth, executed when he thought he should probably have to go to gaol again for suspected complicity in Monmouth's designs, with the forfeiture of all his little property. In this, describing himself as "J. Bunyan, of the parish of St. Cuthbirts in the town of Bedford, Brasier," he makes over to her "all and singular my goods, chattels, debts, ready money, plate, rings, household stufes, apparel, utensils, brass, pouter, beding, and all other my substance whatsoever, moveable and immoveable." The "one coyned peice of silver commonly called twopence," which, as a *caparre* or handsell, had been affixed to the seal to put Mrs. Bunyan "in peaceable and quiet possession," has unfortunately been lost. Bunyan's fears of further annoyance proved groundless; and, though he was sometimes driven to adopt disguises to escape threatened danger—the tradition is that he used to go to Reading to preach in a waggoner's frock, with a long whip in his hand—his liberty was never again restrained, and he lived unmolested to within three months of the Revolution. As is well known, he died at the house of a friend, Mr. Strudwick, a shopkeeper on Holborn Bridge, August 31, 1688, of a cold and fever caught in a wet ride from Reading, where he had been to reconcile a father and son. By a happy chance, Mr. Brown has secured one of the worthy tradesman's bills, made out to "Lord James Radcliffe"—afterwards the Lord Derwentwater who suffered in 1716—with a woodcut of the four-storied gabled house, such as the older of us can remember many of in the back streets of London, in which Bunyan died. The billhead runs:—"Bought of John Strudwick, at the sign of the Star, Holborne Bridge, Grocer and Chandler." The copy of Foxe's *Acts and Monuments*, or *Book of Martyrs*, as it is popularly called, which was Bunyan's companion and daily study in prison, is preserved in the Town Library. Bunyan's signature at the foot of the title-page is laboriously formed in large ill-shaped printing characters, with the date 1662, the work of one by whom the art of writing, if he had ever acquired it, had been almost entirely lost. The margins of some of the ghastly woodcuts of burnings, &c., are scrawled over with rude doggerel rhymes such as the following:—

Hear is one stout and strong indeed;
He doth not waver like as doth Reed.

Certainly Bunyan improved greatly both as a penman and a poet before he wrote "The Deed of Gift" already described, and composed that little lyrical gem in the Second Part of *The Pilgrim's Progress*, recalling Amiens' song in *As You Like It*:—

Who would true Valour see
Let him come hither;
One here will constant be,
Come snow, come weather.
There's no Discouragement
Shall make him once relent
His first avowed Intent
To bee a Pilgrim.

THE LOGIC OF THE FARMERS' ALLIANCE.

AT last the Machiavellian policy of Mr. O'Donnell has fully succeeded; and his outlay in preparing the cradle, and, so to speak, paying the christening fees, of the Farmers' Alliance at the Westminster Palace Hotel has come back to him with an abundant usury. The Farmers' Alliance has declared for an English Land Bill, and Mr. W. H. Gladstone has, by an interesting coincidence, endorsed the declaration. The political eminence of the Prime Minister's eldest son, despite the elaborate arrangements

for politically educating the house of Gladstone which were detailed the other day to a correspondent by the head of the family, has not hitherto been great. But perhaps Mr. W. H. Gladstone is going to make up for lost time. It is not interesting to act the part of Hector, and amiably ejaculate, "Well fought, my youngest brother!" unless it is quite certain that the difference between Hector and Troilus is properly recognized by the spectators. Mr. W. H. Gladstone has therefore taken a leaf out of his junior's book, and has bettered the instruction, as, indeed, the nation has a right to demand from a man on whom it has actually spent considerable sums—while it has Mr. Herbert Gladstone on the easy terms of what is, we believe, called in trade an "improver." "There is to be a Land Bill for England," says Mr. W. H. Gladstone boldly. "It is resolved that a model Land Bill for England shall be at once prepared," says the Farmers' Alliance. We shall consider the probable contents of such a Bill, as shown in the other resolutions of the Alliance, immediately; but any one curious on the subject may be recommended to look at the comments which the programme has already drawn forth from the Radical press. The general spirit of those comments could not be better put than in the language (also happily contemporaneous) of a certain Mr. Murray, of whom we know nothing except that he spoke after Mr. Sexton at a Land League meeting in Dublin the other day. "Irish lords," said Mr. Murray, "gulped down salmon and trout while their tenants were starving. Landlords were devils." This extremely succinct statement of the question was greeted with cheers; and it seems (at least the latter part of it) to express the feelings of the Farmers' Alliance most accurately. Not being Irishmen, they probably do not suspect any actual duke of gulping a salmon weighing, let us say, thirty pounds. But that landlords are devils sums up the gist of debates, letters, leading articles, and descriptive articles on the subject with admirable force and precision. The attitude of tenants who complain that it is not quite certain whether or not they may let the shooting allotted to them under the Ground Game Act to sportsmen, is of itself a matchless comment on that egregious measure. But the general position of the appetent agriculturist could not be better appreciated than from a certain series of articles which have appeared in the *Daily News*, headed "Dilapidated Husbandry." There is no reason to believe that matters of fact are in the least tampered with in these articles; and the writer's good faith, combined with his firm belief in the "landlords are devils" principle, blinds him in the most agreeable way to the delightful inconsistency of his objections to their devilry. This correspondent finds fault with one landlord because he turns tenants out, with another because he keeps them in. To dismiss a farmer who is unwilling to pay a high rent, and to keep an old servant who cannot spend capital on his farm at a low one, are equal crimes. The writer, however, is most valuable, because a good deal of side-light on the Farmers' Alliance programme is obtainable from him. It seems that the farmers will be good enough not to claim an immediate price for their "goodwill." This, considering that every single farmer in England (with the exception of a few districts in Lincolnshire and perhaps elsewhere, in which it is not pretended that the custom has been infringed) knows himself, on entry into his farm, to be a tenant either at will or for some given period, without the faintest presumption of fixity, may be said to be extremely generous. But what the farmers would like to do is to secure, if not fixity of tenure, at any rate free sale in the following roundabout fashion. They wish to have unlimited right to compensation for improvements; and as it may be inconvenient for the landlord to pay down at a moment's notice whatever a lavish and unskillful tenant chooses to say that he has frittered away on the land, with allowance for the increased value of the land so improved, the outgoer is to be empowered to sell this his "interest." As any one may see, the full tenant-right just granted to Irish farmers is practically included in these two propositions, as far as free sale is concerned, and free sale is beyond question the most important of the three F's.

However, let us go to the Farmers' Alliance itself and its programme. Four resolutions were passed by it last Monday. The first had reference to the drafting and bringing in of a Land Bill for England and Scotland, as just mentioned; and the second completed this by suggestions as to a deputation to Mr. Gladstone, who, by the way, on Mr. Murray's principles, is a "devil" himself. The third resolution is a long one. It has reference to the new cry for Protection, and deals with that subject in the most orthodox Free-trading language. The Alliance, or at least its Committee, thinks that return to Protection is impossible; and, if possible, would hurt agriculture more than anything else, inasmuch as the corn duties would be sure to be repealed at the first convenient moment by either party in want of a popular measure or a cry. It points out that duties on foreign corn would interfere with stock-farming, and that the proposal is really a proposal for keeping up rents. All this is, as we have said, of the purest Free-trade orthodoxy, and it is only at the extreme skirt of the resolution that the least little cloven hoof peeps out. The cry for Protection, it seems, is bad in itself, but it is worse inasmuch as it "postpones the demand for agricultural reform," which, to go back to resolution number one, is "imperatively called for, owing to the prolonged depression in agriculture, followed by another disastrous harvest." By the way, the harvest is turning out by no means so disastrous as it suits folk of this sort to pretend; but no matter. Lastly, the Committee expresses its sympathy with the farmers in Aberdeen-

shire in the efforts made to obtain a reduction in rents and a Land Bill for Scotland, and "thanks them for their spirited action." Mr. Bright has since added his congratulations to the Aberdeenshire heroes. The spirited action in question, it must be remembered, has in some cases taken the form of a refusal to pay any rent whatever unless a reduction of five-and-twenty per cent. is granted. This obviously adds fair rent to the catalogue of reforms with which the Alliance sympathizes, and which it considers to be imperatively demanded by some years of agricultural depression and an additional disastrous harvest.

We are accustomed to public and private ignorings of that proverb about gander and goose which some refined persons think so terribly vulgar. But we really do not know that a more *naïf* and innocent enunciation of the contrary principle has ever been published than this interesting document. It consists, as we are frequently told that all works of literary art should consist, of a beginning, a middle, and an end. The middle is made up, as we have seen, of a learned, elaborate, and orthodox renunciation of Protection and all its works; the beginning and the end, of a passionate demand for the very same protection, only applied in a slightly different way and for the benefit of different persons. "Do not," pleads the Farmers' Alliance, "ask the Legislature to protect this great native industry by artificial devices of taxation, violating the principles of political economy. They will not do you any good. The money will simply come out of the pocket of the nation at large, and, what is more, it will go into the pockets, not of you, but of the persons whom Mr. Murray, of Dublin, calls the devils of landlords." Much admirable argument supports this plea; and if the listening farmer confined himself to resolution number three and hearkened to it, he would doubtless go away convinced that artificial legislative devices cannot fight against the laws of nature, and that he must make his bargains in the open market, take his chance of bad seasons and competition, and trust to stout work and the survival of the fittest, just as his shoemaker and his tailor do. But the Alliance does not dismiss him with such cold comfort as this. "You shall have protection," it says, "only it shall be protection of a different kind. You shall be shielded against the laws of supply and demand, and a legislative sliding scale shall make you impervious to the worst of seasons. It is the devils of landlords that shall pay for all this, and therefore the nation won't object, as it would to taxes on its food." We are bound to say that there is a modest want of explicitness about the programme in this part of it. The beautiful arguments which have just demonstrated the folly and injustice and impossibility of one sort of protection are not applied to prove the justice, wisdom, and efficacy of the other. It may, indeed, be extremely inconvenient for the Farmers' Alliance that they should be so applied; yet we shall take the liberty of applying them. In the first place, the proposed scheme, whatever it may be, will be, and must be, protection pure and simple—that is, the artificial favouring of one class at the expense of another, and eventually of the whole nation. During the last five or six years there has been commercial as well as agricultural depression, from which almost every trade and industry has suffered. There is one in particular which supplies an almost exact parallel to the farmers' case. Cornish miners have been half ruined owing to the increasing cost of mining and the drop in the price of tin through foreign competition. It is said that thirteen thousand miners have emigrated from that single county during the last decade, and hundreds of mines have been stopped just as hundreds of farms are now lying tenantless. On the principle of the Farmers' Alliance the Legislature must step in here. It must not, indeed, put a duty of so many pounds a ton on foreign tin, because the consumer would not like that; but it must arbitrarily reduce the royalties, entitle working companies to compensation from the owners in case of unsuccessful operations, &c., &c. So it must be with every interest all round—except the interest of the landowner, and in the long run, of course, of the "bloated bondholder," fundholder, shareholder, and their likes. Out of these devoted people's property bonuses are to be successively handed to all workers too lazy, too unskilled, too thrifless, or too imprudent to get on. This, of course, is not Protection; perhaps it is Fair-trade? but, whatever it may be called, it is clear that almost every objection which lies to Protection pure and simple lies to it, and others besides. Indeed the two things have already been united by some enterprising politicians at the Antipodes, and perhaps the bright spirits of the Farmers' Alliance have been fired by the example of Victoria, insufficiently as the anti-squatter Protectionist policy has there been carried out. At home, however, the farmer must be a much duller person than he is supposed to be if the ingenious plan of Mr. Howard and his friends succeeds in gulling him. He will probably say that, if he is to be protected at all, he would rather be protected in a form which will at any rate not hurt his moral conscience, whatever it may do to his economical one. We do not believe that, in whatever ill case they may be, the farmers of England are, as a rule, disguised Dick Turpins, with a design on their landlords' pockets. The plan of the Farmers' Alliance, as has been pretty fully pointed out, is nothing more than an ingenious combination of Protection with larceny. It could only succeed at the expense, in the first place, of the landlords, and, in the second, of the consumers generally, who by degrees would find added to the three profits the fourth profit of interest on an artificially created value of tenant-right. But it would have this disadvantage, that while, as the Farmers' Alliance very justly points out, a corn duty, if imposed,

could be taken off again, the tenant-right burden, once imposed, is (without a revolution) a millstone for ever—as has been amply proved in Ireland itself. On the whole, the Alliance would probably have done better to hold its tongue about Protection.

A PLEA FOR ASHBURNHAM HOUSE.

AMONG the very last utterances of the late Dean Stanley were expressions of anxiety for the fate of Ashburnham House. It is to be hoped that one of the first cares of his successor will be its preservation. It is no secret that the clause under which it is to be surrendered to the School was a surprise to the Chapter. It was put into the Act without their observing it. No doubt, some blame attaches to them or to their lawyers for such an oversight. But the present state of the case, pending whatever action may be taken by the new Dean, may be briefly stated as one in which not only has nothing decisive been done, but the little that has been done is, on the whole, favourable to the chance that Ashburnham House will be preserved. In fact, it is rumoured, and even asserted, that all arrangements between the high contracting parties had actually been amicably made, when the unfortunate meeting of "old Westminsters" took place, and an agreement was prevented. It is to be remarked that this self-constituted committee of old Westminsters was by no means representative. Many former scholars dissented from the proceedings, and it is well known that some of those of whom the School is most justly proud do not hesitate to express themselves very strongly against the scheme. Among those who thus stand aloof from the proceedings of the old Westminsters, a single individual may be named, since his opinion alone will by some be thought sufficiently important to decide the question. That Mr. Poynter, R.A., is understood to refuse to join the opposition to the Chapter is in itself a strong argument. The alternative is disagreeable enough. Any one who takes the trouble to look at what the School authorities have made of the noble apartment ceded to them over the east cloister will be sorry that they should be allowed to touch the venerable remains of the monastic *hospitium*, now in the occupation of Canon Leighton. At the same time, by care, and the appointment of a competent architect, or by the Dean and Chapter insisting on the employment of their own architect, the interior changes may be carried out so as to do little injury to the ancient walls. Such a building as that just completed at the opposite side of Dean's Yard would be more than a local eyesore. It would be nothing short of a national misfortune. The preservation of every old stone of Westminster Abbey and its precincts is a matter in which every Englishman is concerned. And, if the School takes possession of Canon Leighton's house, there will be many apprehensions as to the treatment likely to be bestowed on the ancient range of buildings of which it is the chief relic. In fact, whichever way we turn, we are confronted with difficulties—difficulties which have all their origin in one point, that we are interfering with the ancient Abbey, or, in other words, with the fabric of the one building in England on which every Englishman looks with pride and solicitude.

It is true that Ashburnham House was itself originally just such an interference with the fabric of the Abbey. There is a close connexion between it and the south cloister. The garden wall, with its Norman arcing, is the north wall of the ancient Frater. The front wall, facing Little Dean's Yard, follows the line of the old Misericorde. Here the monks, under their easy rule, assembled to eat the supper forbidden, indeed, in the refectory, but, by special grace, winked at in an adjoining chamber. Within the modern house, when we pass from the magnificent staircase into an anteroom, the depth of the doorway betrays the thickness of the ancient wall through which it is pierced. The architect found it easier to include such a wall in his building than to pull it down. Indeed, perfectly novel in its design as Ashburnham House appears, it is in reality a remodelled house of older origin, an origin worth tracing. In 1533 the Abbot's chair was vacant. For some reason which has not inspired, but which may be guessed, no monk of Westminster was deemed worthy of the place, but the Abbot of Burton-upon-Trent, known from his birthplace as Abbot Boston, was brought in to fill it. About the same time three manors were pledged until a sum of 500*l.* should be made up; 500*l.* answers to a very great deal of money in our modern reckoning, and this sum was to be paid to Sir William Pawlet and one Thomas Crumwell, not then so well known to fame as he afterwards became. The new Abbot was the first for three centuries who did not belong to the house, and he acted the part of the hireling shepherd, whose own the sheep are not. When Thirlby was made Bishop of Westminster, Boston was made the first Dean. He "resumed his patronymic," to use a modern phrase, and became Dean Benson. But he had to turn out of the Abbot's House, which was required for the new bishop, and retired, to use Dean Stanley's expression, to "the remoter part of the monastery." This remoter part was none other than Ashburnham House, then, and long afterwards, known as the Dean's House. Here he carried out many "arrangements," which, though they look extremely ill on the page of history, were yet carefully, and, as the end proved, successfully planned, to save some of the old Abbey estates for the new Chapter. He could not save the Abbot's house, however, which was granted, on Thirlby's translation and the abolition of the bishopric, to Lord Wentworth, who died almost immediately afterwards and was appropriately buried among the

Abbots. Benson survived till 1549, when, worn out with these anxieties, he died and was buried near the entrance to the vestry. A second Dean, the reformer Cox, succeeded and reigned in the Dean's house, and on his flight a third, Weston, who eventually made way for Queen Mary's restored Abbot. Feckenham, whose family name of Howman was, in accordance with the ancient usage, discarded for that of his birthplace, got back the Abbot's house from Lord Wentworth's son and successor, by an exchange for the manor of Canonbury. This second Lord Wentworth it was whose loss of Calais was so much mourned by the dying Queen, and with Mary's life practically ended the reign of the last Abbot. But the house became the Deanery under Elizabeth, and the same Queen founded the institution which now makes a claim to the possession of the older Deanery. At first the School and the Abbey were very closely connected. Dean Goodman was a kind of head-master, and even took boarders into the Deanery; but, to quote again from Dean Stanley, this union "has gradually been disentangled, and at times the interests of the School may have been overshadowed by those of the Chapter." If so, the case before us is an example to the contrary.

It can scarcely, however, even by the most ardent advocate of the proposed cession of Ashburnham House, be looked upon as a gift altogether to the advantage of the School. In a certain sense, it much impoverishes the capitular body, without greatly enriching the educational. The house will be a white elephant in the new hands. To fit its gorgeous chambers for class-rooms, the exquisitely delicate carved work must either be boarded over, or—we shudder to write it—cut away. The fretted plasterwork ceilings will be inaccessible except to pop-guns, but the panelled walls, the pillared alcoves, the dark oak staircase—in fact, all that makes Ashburnham House worth preserving—will be, like dirt, matter in the wrong place. No doubt, the School authorities assert their intention of preserving everything intact; but if they do, it may be retorted, of what use will the house be to them? It is safer in the hands of the Chapter. We cannot conclude that the School authorities will deal more gently with it than they have dealt with the antiquities of their own particular domain. Where, old Westminsters may well ask, is the time-honoured "shell"? where the open fire-place in the College hall? These are not things removed in the old semi-heathen days before the Gothic revival; but alterations made, as it were, yesterday. If, as some assert, the School is sufficiently well housed already, and wants boarders rather than chambers to put them in, why should Ashburnham House be given up to them to stand empty? The Dean and Chapter can put it to a very good use. The new Canon is homeless, that is, as a canon. Perhaps the new Dean might prefer the spacious chambers and compact plan of the original Deanery to the labyrinthine recesses of the original Abbot's house, with its stairs and passages, its low ceilings, its score and more of half-useless chambers. Ashburnham House would be a model residence for a dean who does not possess the wealth which Dean Stanley lavished so generously. In any case it is an admirable canon's house, and would make a very bad school. The School cannot be honestly said to want another house; while the Canon "in residence" may have to be resident elsewhere. We hear much of proposals for monuments to the late lamented Dean; but so far they have been of a singularly inappropriate character. One of them was to carry out a scheme which Stanley, almost more than any other man, disliked—namely, for the removal of the organ-screen. Here, however, is a worthy object of exertion. Let those who are willing to spend money to commemorate a great man spend a little time and trouble instead, in order to fulfil his dying wishes. There can be no kind of doubt that the whole matter may be adjusted on reasonable grounds. The house may be preserved to the Chapter intact, and no very great injury done either to the interests of the School or to any other part of the Abbey buildings. We speak, not so much in the interests of the Chapter—for whom, indeed, it is not possible to feel very sorry, since it is to their carelessness that the clause in the Public Schools Act is to be attributed—as in the interests of art and historical association. We described Ashburnham House in these columns last spring. Though nothing but tradition can be found for attributing it to Inigo Jones, no mind reasonably acquainted with his rare and precious works can doubt the truth of the ascription, so far at least as the most decorative parts of the interior are concerned. The exterior is interesting and beautiful enough, and may well be older than Jones's time. It is not a great or important building; but neither is St. Stephen's, Walbrook. But Ashburnham House, small and insignificant as it is, stands to modern domestic architecture as St. Stephen's stands to ecclesiastical, as showing the power of a master to produce in a moderate space and with ordinary materials an effect perfectly satisfactory, both in its ornamental details and in the almost scientific beauty of its whole design.

THE WANDERING JEW.

THERE are some legends so universally spread through the popular folklore of various countries that one naturally looks for their origin in something more than arbitrary invention or local superstition. To this class belongs the legend of the Wandering Jew—that is, of an eyewitness of the Crucifixion of our Lord, condemned, for having insulted the Saviour, to a joyless immor-

tality and a perpetual wandering over the face of the earth. As early as the middle of the thirteenth century the chronicle of Matthew Paris relates a story of an Armenian bishop who visited England in the year 1228, and being "interviewed" by some monkish clerks, gave as sensational and circumstantial answers to the questions put to him as could be desired. He had seen the remains of Noah's Ark preserved upon Mount Ararat, and he had himself dined with the famous Joseph said to have been preserved from the time of the Crucifixion of Christ, as a witness of that event. The story of the wonderful Jew, as related in the genial after-dinner hours when story-tellers are effusive and listeners most credulous, was told by his host as follows. His name was Cartaphilus, and he was Pilate's door-keeper at the time of the trial. As Jesus was being led from the tribunal, the door-keeper struck him a blow upon the neck and said, "Go on faster; why dost thou linger?" Jesus turned and answered, "I go, but thou shalt tarry until I come." Since that hour Cartaphilus has been waiting, and although he long ago acknowledged the error of his ways and was baptized in the name of Joseph by Ananias—an unfortunate coincidence of names, though the personage who baptized St. Paul, and not the historical perverter of the truth, is meant—the curse has never been removed, and the unfortunate man is still upon his travels. He has been repeatedly interviewed since his *à la carte* dinner with the Armenian bishop, though he seems later on to have given a rather different account of himself, asserting that his name was Ahasuerus, and that he was by trade a cobbler; while he suppresses the incident of the blow. When asked about the events of that remote period, he, as is expected of all good centenarians, shows that his memory is unimpaired by giving exact accounts of all that he saw and heard, including a true and detailed account of the Temple at Jerusalem. It is a pity that those who have preserved the records of these interviews were not more precise in taking down his descriptions, as it would have saved much cost in exploration and much heart-burning and antagonism among archaeologists, could the exact position of Herod's Temple be ascertained from the mouth of one who had actually seen it. As it is, the question of the site of the altar of burnt-offerings rivals the large-end and little-end of the egg controversy with which Gulliver has made us familiar, in its power of engendering bitter and rancorous feelings. It is unfortunate that the narrators of these incidents are not altogether above suspicion. The "Turkish Spy" in 1644, for instance, who gives an account of a personal interview with the Wandering Jew, displays a remarkable ignorance of Mohammedan customs and beliefs, while his knowledge of mediæval Christian history and superstitions is equally noteworthy. Still there seems to be little doubt that impostors did from time to time give themselves out to be Ahasuerus, the immortal Wanderer, and they appear to have found it a very paying business, although it could not have been without its risks, as the mediæval populace must have been sorely tempted to put the pretender's immortality to the test. The very fact, too, of the periodical reappearance of *soi-disant* "Wandering Jews" in various parts of Europe, is a proof of the widespread belief in the legend. How this belief arose, and what were the relations between the story of Ahasuerus, or Cartaphilus, and the popular mythology of Europe, have been recently told by Mr. Moncure D. Conway, a writer who has earned for himself the right to speak as an expert on questions of folk-lore and demonology.

The myth appears to belong essentially to a class of great antiquity, which occurs in every part of the world. Early peoples who had not as yet formulated the natural tendency to belief in the immortality of the soul, were unwilling to allow that their national heroes and the mighty chiefs who had led them to glory and prosperity, had gone from them for ever; and, the wish being father to the thought, such personages were supposed to have sought repose in some secluded earthly paradise, from which they should issue in due time to continue their work of conquest, or to revive the fortunes of the race. To this class belong the legends of Odin, King Arthur, Barbarossa, and Charlemagne; as well as such minor sagas as those of Tannhäuser, Thomas of Ercildoune, and even Rip van Winkle. Side by side with the heroes too holy or too great to die come the stories of those who for their sins were forbidden the repose of the grave. These are the legitimate congeners of the Wandering Jew, and believers in them could appeal to the Bible for instances of both classes of the undying and unresting ones. Cain, the first murderer, is also the first wanderer; Lamech is another sufferer from the same curse, as shown by the ancient lines:—

Adah and Zillah, hear my voice!
Ye wives of Lamech, hearken to my speech!
For the man I slew for my own wound,
The child I struck dead on account of my own hurt!
Was Cain avenged seven times?
Lamech will be seventy times seven times!

Enoch, who "walked with God, and was not, for God took him;" Moses, who disappeared somewhere amidst the mountains of Moab and no man knew where his resting-place might be; Elias, who was carried up to heaven in a chariot of fire, and who in later Moslem legend disappeared in his search for the "water of life"—these are all types of one and the same idea. Early Aryan mythology has a similar story of the mysterious disappearance of the Iranian god-king Yima or Jamsheed, who is hidden away in a terrestrial paradise, and bides his time to usher in again the Golden Age; while later Teutonic myths have a more sinister version of the story in the legend of

the Wild Huntsman who follows the chase amid the storms of the Hartz mountains, and in the fantastic story of the Flying Dutchman, who is beating about in a vain attempt to round the Cape, which is to last till Judgment Day. The popular Messianic idea, also—not the Christian promise, but the Jewish and Moslem notion of a temporal King who shall come to life again to restore the supremacy of his people—and the opposing Antichrist or Dajjal, are types of the same primitive conception. Classical mythology, also, furnishes us with apposite illustrations in the stories of Tithonus, Tiresias, and the Glaucus myth. It is curious to note the close approach which Greek mythology occasionally makes to the Semitic; the myth of Perseus and Andromeda being the counterpart of that of Bel and the Dragon, of Seth and Typhon, of Michael and Satan, and of our own St. George and the Dragon. Perseus is, in fact, a mere anagram of the Phœnician Apollo Resef, whose attributes and story are the same as those of the Archangel.

The legend of the Wandering Jew, however, embodies another and more recent idea; it is the expression of that undying popular hatred of the Jewish race which found vent in the terrible persecutions of the middle ages, and which is again showing itself in the *Judenhetze* which disgraces modern Germany. The Christians looked upon the Jews as a race as the chosen of Satan rather than of Jehovah, and regarded them with a deadly and unreasoning hatred, not only because they had been the instruments in the death and sufferings of Our Lord, but because they were a foreign race, and because the natural instinct of an uncultivated Aryan is to "heave half a brick" at the unknown. A well-known story aptly illustrates the common feeling of the uneducated against the Hebrews. A settler from the backwoods of America came into a town, and meeting a member of the chosen race whose lineaments too surely betrayed his origin, proceeded to inflict upon him grievous bodily injury. On being taken before a magistrate and charged with the crime, he pleaded that the prosecutor was a Jew, and therefore, by implication, murderer of the Saviour, and consequently deserving of punishment. The humane magistrate pointed out that the era of persecution had gone by, and that, however creditable the Christian defendant's zeal might be, the events which had kindled his wrath had taken place some eighteen hundred years ago. "Now, do tell!" said the ingenuous backwoodsman, "and I only heard of it last Tuesday!" The story, which is probably true, is paralleled by that of the old Englishwoman who, having the same events detailed to her by a sympathetic clergyman, for the first time in her life, said it was all very dreadful, but it was a long way off and a long time ago, and she hoped it wasn't true. The Miracle plays had much to do with keeping alive this race-hatred, and the Jew was long considered to be merely a creature to mock at, to torture, and to rob, and any pain or indignity inflicted upon him was thought to be a work of Christian zeal.

The legend of the Wandering Jew has had great attractions for the poets and artists of Europe. In Germany Schubart first conceived the idea of making "this antique cordwainer," as Carlyle says, as it were, "a raft at anchor in the stream of time, from which he would survey the changes and wonders of two thousand years." Goethe also contemplated a poem on the same subject, but was diverted by the more national legend of Faust. Many others have written on the same theme; but Chamisso, in his *New Ahasuerus*, has perhaps clothed the whole myth in the most picturesque dress. In France its chief exponent is Eugène Sue, whose romance of *The Wandering Jew*, published in 1844, has done more than anything else to revive the popular legend of the middle ages in our own day. His hero is, as Mr. Moncure Conway points out, closely allied to the mysterious undying wanderer, El Khidhr, mentioned in the eighteenth chapter of the Koran. Moses, meeting with an ancient man who, he is miraculously informed, is wiser than himself, travels with him, but not until the stranger has exacted a promise from him that he will not ask any questions, whatever he might see. El Khidhr, in the course of their peregrinations, commits various crimes; and Moses, unable to control his indignation, at length asks for an explanation. The old man then reveals to him that the apparent wrongs were really either retributions or blessings in disguise, and, leaving the Hebrew lawgiver, goes on upon his endless journey through the world. Eugène Sue's Wandering Jew at length finds rest, together with Herodias, who had expiated her foul murder of St. John the Baptist by a similar restless doom. Pierre Dupont's poetical version of the romance, and Gustave Doré's imaginative designs which accompany it, will be familiar to most of our readers. The last, especially, are a faithful transcript of the wild and weird conception which, having its origin in the vague yearnings of a primitive people, has survived until the present time in the ghostly figure of the ancient Jew who literally paid with his life for insulting Our Lord. Mr. Moncure Conway deserves our gratitude for having given a graphic and exhaustive account of this ancient and most curious myth.

THE "ENTOMBMENT" AT THE NATIONAL GALLERY.

M R. J. C. ROBINSON has earned the gratitude of a weary and exhausted public. In the darkest hours of the dull season he has contrived to raise a lively artistic controversy. He has brought into the field the Director of the National Gallery and the ex-Director of South Kensington, and he has drawn from

the *Times* an editorial utterance on the subject of Italian painting which in its own way must be reckoned a literary gem. That Mr. Robinson should have come forward to set the world right upon a question of taste is not in itself surprising. He is wont from time to time to take the national collections under his care. He loves in his leisure to re-arrange the images in the Temple of Fame and to correct the blunders of official catalogues. What to other men might seem an irksome and arduous task is to him a pleasant duty. He is not afraid of agitating the nerves of the British taxpayer. A few years ago he pointed out with unflinching courage that one of the most esteemed pictures purchased for the nation at the Barker sale was in reality a worthless wreck. He now bursts upon the world with a revelation that is even more startling and deplorable. But yesterday it was still possible to indulge the pleasant fancy that we possessed in the National Gallery two examples of the art of Michael Angelo; to-day we awake to find that half of our inheritance is gone. Gently, but firmly, Mr. Robinson has removed the tablet from the frame, and there is nothing for it but to pay to our lost illusion the poor tribute of a passing sigh, and to correct the entry in our catalogues. For in Mr. Robinson's mode of adjusting these vexed questions of art there is a finality of judgment that almost precludes discussion. Mr. Burton has, indeed, mildly protested, but, with more of sorrow than of anger, his touching appeal has been promptly dismissed; while Mr. Poynter, who chose to assume a more vigorous attitude of resistance, has been summarily condemned and removed struggling from the court. We doubt not that both these gentlemen now heartily regret their imprudence, and it is perhaps allowable to hazard the conjecture that neither of them would have had the temerity to question Mr. Robinson's authority if the discovery that he has made were not on the first blush so extremely improbable and surprising. This will be the better understood when we add that it even had the effect of surprising Mr. Robinson himself. For some time, indeed, he has been under the impression that the picture of the "Entombment," now ascribed to Michael Angelo, was the work of his rival, Baccio Bandinelli. Mr. Robinson's "intimate acquaintance with the drawings of the master was the principal cause of this conviction"; but, though thus convinced in his own mind, he refrained from giving public expression to his opinion, from the feeling that he had "absolutely no tangible evidence to offer in support of it." What was so long wanting to set the seal of absolute certainty to his judgment has at last appeared in the shape of a passage from Vasari. It is therein recorded that about the year 1526 Bandinelli undertook to paint a picture for the church of Cestello, and he went so far as to execute a preparatory cartoon, choosing for the subject of his design the Dead Christ, with the Marys, and Nicodemus, and other figures. But, having found reason at this time to distrust his own skill in the use of the brush, he determined to call in the assistance of a young painter named Agnolo Bigio, to whom he assigned the task of executing the work in colour. Vasari adds, however, that the picture was left uncompleted, owing to the disturbed state of Florence which followed the sack of Rome in the year 1527. This, in brief, is the substance of the story, as set forth in the biography of Bandinelli; and it is this piece of evidence which leaves upon Mr. Robinson's mind "not a shadow of a doubt" that the picture in the National Gallery hitherto associated with the name of Michael Angelo must henceforth be reckoned as "an historical masterpiece of Baccio Bandinelli."

That Mr. Robinson should believe he has proved his case is of course natural enough; but that he should expect other people to accept his conclusions merely upon the evidence he now offers is truly astounding. It will be seen that we are not here concerned with his own personal conviction based upon a critical study of Bandinelli's drawings. Few men have a wider acquaintance with the designs of the Old Masters; and, if he has satisfied himself that he recognizes in the "Entombment" the characteristic qualities of Bandinelli's art, it is improbable that any amount of discussion would avail to change his opinion. At the same time, it would be extremely interesting to know where the drawings are to be found upon which this singular judgment has been formed. All students of Italian art are familiar with Bandinelli's studies, for they are, as Mr. Poynter has truly said, "as the sands of the sea in number"; but although they are of varying degrees of merit, and exhibit a certain diversity of manner such as might be expected from an artist of imitative rather than original faculty, yet we know of no single specimen of his work which accords in essential qualities of style with the design of the "Entombment." This particular aspect of the discussion only goes to prove how great would be the advantage, both to students and to the public, if the drawings of the Old Masters of which we possess so rich a store in the British Museum could be transferred to Trafalgar Square and exhibited side by side with the finished works in colour. The visitor who could turn from the "Entombment" to study the designs of Michael Angelo and Bandinelli would be at once in a position to appreciate the arguments of those who have taken part in the discussion; and we cannot but think that Mr. Robinson's confident assertions would lose much of their force if the evidence to which he appeals were more readily accessible. But this exaggerated estimate of Bandinelli's place in art is, as we have already said, a thing separable from the main point under discussion. Mr. Robinson is doubtless perfectly sincere when he couples the author of the *David* and the sculptor of the *Hercules* as "giants in art who in the flesh were rivals"; but, to the majority of those whom he seeks to convince,

the notion of Bandinelli being a "giant" whose name is worthy to be associated with that of Michael Angelo will seem little short of absurd. If, therefore, the evidence now adduced in support of the new attribution is not in itself conclusive, it is but little likely to acquire any added force from Mr. Robinson's personal views as to the characteristic merits of Bandinelli's style. And that the case, as it stands upon the testimony of Vasari, is ludicrously incomplete has, we think, been amply demonstrated by Mr. Poynter. The description given of Bandinelli's unfinished picture might, it is true, be held to apply to the subject of the "Entombment" in the National Gallery, but it has certainly no special application which can be said to fix the identity of the two works. The theme was one constantly chosen by the painters and sculptors of the time, and the terms used by Vasari recur in almost exactly the same form in the biographies of other painters, so that we have nothing left in the way of absolute evidence save the fact that Bandinelli's picture was never finished, and that the "Entombment" by Michael Angelo is also in a state of incompleteness. Thus it will be seen that we are forced, by the very nature of the case, to test Mr. Robinson's so-called discovery by the light of its inherent probability. All other points being in his favour, Vasari's description might, no doubt, be held sufficient to serve the purpose. It is too vague and general in its terms to serve for the purposes of identification; but if the picture were on other grounds acceptable as the work of Bandinelli, it might plausibly be cited as additional testimony in favour of the proposed change of title. It remains, then, to consider what intrinsic evidence there may be for assuming that Bandinelli could have executed such a work as the "Entombment."

We do not propose to repeat in detail the case against Mr. Robinson's view, which has been already most ably stated by Mr. Poynter. It is undoubtedly true, as he has shown in his letter to the *Times*, that even Mr. Robinson's own estimate of Bandinelli's talent goes far to disprove his supposed connexion with the picture in our Gallery. That Bandinelli was a persistent imitator of Michael Angelo is admitted on all hands, and we may echo the words of Mr. Robinson, who justly observes that "if Michael Angelo had never existed, there would have been little heard of Baccio Bandinelli." Is it, then, to be supposed, as Mr. Poynter pertinently inquires, that at a time when the style of the master had reached fulness and maturity, and when the great work upon the ceiling of the Sistine Chapel had long been finished, the foremost plagiarist of his art should have chosen to appropriate Michael Angelo's earlier and more tentative manner? Imitation, as is well known, never errs upon the side of modesty. An artist of Bandinelli's rhetorical manner would certainly not have kept in restraint the characteristic qualities of the style he had chosen to copy; and yet, if the picture in dispute is to be accepted as the work of his hand, we must perforce assume that he could at will cast aside all the characteristic vices of his design, and revert to the reserved and almost timid execution of Michael Angelo in his youth. But if it is manifestly improbable that Bandinelli, the imitator of Michael Angelo, should in the year 1526 have produced such a picture as the "Entombment," the assertion that in this admirable work we are to recognize "the style of design and personal peculiarities of Bandinelli" himself is even more surprising and incredible. If we wish to know what are the "personal peculiarities" of Bandinelli's style, we must seek for them in his acknowledged and authentic works. The quality of design is an essential and unchanging element in artistic production which is readily identified, whatever may be the chosen medium of expression. We find in Michael Angelo's sculpture just those excellences of style in the treatment of the human figure which we should be led to expect from a study of his painting; and we have a corresponding right to expect in Bandinelli's painting the very same defects and mannerisms that belong to his work in marble. How, then, will the "Entombment" compare with the kind of laboured performances upon which the artist was engaged at the time? It must be remembered that Baccio had already conceived and partly executed the colossal group of "Hercules and Cacus." He had completed the large model in clay, and had begun to block out the marble; and yet we are asked to believe that the author of a work of this pretentious and exaggerated character, the public exhibition of which in later years evoked, according to his own confession, "more than hundred sonnets of the most abusive character," was at the same time engaged upon a design of the chastened and severe style that marks the "Entombment" in the National Gallery.

But there is another point concerning the execution of the "Entombment" picture which would seem to tell with equal force against Mr. Robinson's theory. We are told that we have here a work that "reminds one of painted sculpture, seeming to indicate that its author was more familiar with the chisel and the modelling tool than with the brush." This in itself is partly true, but it is a truth that cuts both ways. If, as Mr. Robinson contends, the picture was only designed by Bandinelli and painted by Bigio, why should the painting be lacking in the technical characteristics of a practised executant? Bigio was a pupil in the school of Andrea del Sarto, and he would naturally bring to his task the fruits of his own study. He would of course accept the design entrusted to him, but he would use his brush and lay on his colour according to the system in which he had been trained; and yet, if we examine the panel in Trafalgar Square, we find that it is in the actual handling of the material that there is evidence of a manner

of working inconsistent with the traditions under which Bigio might be supposed to have grown up. It is in the avoidance of those qualities of colour and tone which belong exclusively to the art of the painter, in the absence of those graces of enrichment in detail which a painter of easel pictures would be especially disposed to bestow, that is to be found the strongest evidence in support of the theory that we have here the work of a painter who was also a sculptor, and of a painter whose style was based upon the study and practice of fresco. But, says Mr. Robinson, the picture is in oil, not in tempera, and no certain work by Michael Angelo exists in oil colour. Mr. Robinson here speaks with absolute assurance in a matter upon which practical artists like Mr. Burton and Mr. Poynter show greater caution. It is obviously not quite clear that the picture is in oil colour, nor is the statement that Michael Angelo was never known to have painted in oil quite so certainly true as Mr. Robinson appears to think. The latest biographer of Michael Angelo, who, in company with the Keeper of the Gallery, made a careful examination of the authentic picture in Florence, emphatically declares that it is executed in oil. Nor is Mr. Robinson on safer ground when he insists that the painters of the time never mixed tempera and oil. This, he declares, should be patent to every practical artist; but Mr. Robinson, we can only assume, is not exhaustively acquainted with the methods of practical artists. It is certain that in the present day the mixture of tempera and oil is by no means uncommon, and it is the opinion of one of the highest authorities among living painters that the practice was largely followed even in the time of Titian. In the treatise of Cennini—a work with which Mr. Robinson is doubtless familiar—the author in one place explicitly recommends the use of oil colour to heighten the effect of tempera in the imitation of textures. These facts have, of course, no especial reference to the picture in dispute, but they serve to show that Mr. Robinson is apt to give an air of certainty to very disputable propositions, and that the confidence with which he announces conclusions in these matters must not be taken as the measure of their accuracy.

It will be seen that our remarks on this lively controversy have been limited to a single aspect of the question under dispute. It has been enough for our purpose to set forth the very strong reasons that exist for rejecting Mr. Robinson's authoritative announcement. His so-called "discovery" is, to our thinking, no discovery at all; and, so far from the attribution to Bandinelli having been proved, the issue of the discussion would rather tend to show that, of all the contemporaries of Michael Angelo, he was the least likely to have executed a picture of this character. That it is, in fact, the work of Michael Angelo is a proposition more difficult to establish, and in the absence of positive testimony as to its authorship there is of course ample room for difference of opinion. The reasons in favour of the present attribution have been urged with force by Mr. Burton and Mr. Poynter, and they seem to us to be amply warranted by the inherent beauty of the picture itself. In connexion with this part of the subject, it may be worth while to draw attention to the somewhat remarkable views which have found expression in the *Times*. The great journal is of course not disturbed by the controversy. It smiles benignly on the combatants with the serene tranquillity of the man of business who knows that the issue will in no way affect the price of Consols. But it offers a solution of its own, which it trusts will be acceptable to all parties. The *Times* is not fond of the picture, but the *Times* admires Michael Angelo and admires Bandinelli; and so, as a way out of the difficulty, the *Times*, in its benevolence, tries to comfort Mr. Robinson by telling him that Bandinelli would have been the first to repudiate the equivocal honour which it is now sought to pay to his memory. This is delicious!

THE HISTORY OF A WATERING-PLACE.

THE losses of agriculturists and the languor of trade have fallen heavily on important classes of the community, and many people must have been prudently retrenching in conformity with straitened circumstances. Nevertheless we doubt whether a foreigner visiting our country would remark conspicuous signs of distress. Our docks and wharves are as crowded with shipping as ever; making due allowance for the dulness of the holiday season, the business quarters of London are as bustling as before; and factory and foundry chimneys are everywhere smoking, though shorter work is being done than during the leaps and bounds of our prosperity. Farms have been turned into grazing land or have fallen off in point of cultivation; yet even that would only be apparent to the eye of a practical farmer. And still less would our foreign friend be likely to believe in hard times were we to take him on a yachting cruise around our coasts. We should give him a panoramic sea-view of our innumerable watering-places, and leave their imposing sea-fronts to speak for themselves. Those lungs of the great industrial and commercial centres are the sheer product of ease and luxury. They mean a steadily increasing expenditure of money, not unfrequently lavished in fantastic caprices, mainly by hard-working men who get but few holidays. The society is swelled besides by permanent residents who have realized handsome competencies in the colonies and elsewhere. There are many elderly ladies and widows in the enjoyment of such ample settlements and jointures as are only to be met with in a prosperous old country. Poverty there may

be, but it is kept in the background, and there is little or no actual distress. To do us bare justice, it must be said that charity is a British virtue; the hearts of affluent holiday-makers are naturally disposed to liberality; and where the rich and idle are gathered together, there will be ample occupation for the industrious poor. So the English watering-places, unlike some of their rivals on the Continent, are never left quite desolate and indigent out of the season. We do not say they are actual earthly paradises; and we know that even in the height of their merrymaking they may be haunted by the demon of dulness. But assuredly, when seen from the water on a bright autumn day, they are as gay-looking spots as any on the earth. There are the interminable lines of stuccoed crescents and terraces, either skirting sands that are covered with bathing-machines, or built along the crests of breezy cliffs. There is the lively length of the broad esplanade in the foreground, noisy with children, thronged with loungers, resounding with music, and besprinkled with Bath chairs. There may be the harbour sheltering pleasure and fishing-boats, or vessels of a larger tonnage, which was the original cause of existence of the place; and above all, there are the fresh breezes laden with ozone and invigorating scents of brine and seaweed. Preferences, of course, must be matters of individual taste, but all these places must more or less have attractions, even for the fastidious.

An article on Eastbourne which appeared in the *Times* the other day gives good general idea of the rise of one of these popular watering-places under favourable circumstances. Only thirty years ago the place consisted of but three small groups of straggling houses. Now these isolated villages are being swallowed up out of sight in the ever-increasing growth of brick and mortar. Terrace has been added to terrace, and street to street; open spaces have been preserved, by laying out public and semi-public pleasure-grounds; while many detached private residences, standing in their gardens, seem to carry the freshness and foliage of the country into the very heart of the town. Shops, of course, have been provided in abundance to supply the wants of so many affluent customers; while here and there a many-storied building or an imposing spire, soaring above the roofs and the lines of the chimney-pots, shows that neither church nor hotel accommodation has been neglected. But the progress of Eastbourne has been methodical and extraordinarily rapid, because many circumstances chance to have conspired in its favour. It has great advantages of air and situation, notwithstanding the neighbourhood of the Pevensey flats to the eastward; and it is within easy reach of London. But, above all, it found what we consider to be essentials to the rise of a thriving watering-place, in an attractive nucleus to start from and an enterprising and wealthy promoter, with authority practically unlimited. As for the former point, experience shows that nothing is more difficult than to create a pleasure-seeking community out of nothing, in an old country like our own. The hotel built in a healthy and picturesque solitude by some energetic speculator may leave little to desire as to its views and its internal arrangements; but our English holiday-makers, as a rule, are sociable folk, and even the self-deluding misanthropes who think they have had more than enough of the world seldom care to lead the lives of hermit-crabs on the shores of a melancholy ocean. And the inhabitants of the brand-new crescent that has risen in its loneliness by the side of the gaunt hotel are thrown still more entirely on their own resources. The spot gets an evil name from those who have suffered all the torments of ennui there; gradually it comes to be shunned as plague-stricken, and the butcher and grocer, those enterprising pioneers of commerce, reluctantly put up their shutters. But the Duke of Devonshire, who has been the good genius, the tutelary deity of Eastbourne, had the luck to find a charming little village-town as the nucleus of a tolerably safe venture, almost under the shadow of one of his numerous country seats. Old Eastbourne, as it is called, with its old-fashioned houses, interspersed with quaint granges and farm-steadings and ivy-covered barns built of flints, all grouped around a picturesque old church, was a peaceful and inviting sojourn for a villeggiatura. Invalids could take their walks abroad on gravel roads and broad field paths, which were merely washed instead of being saturated by the heaviest rain, and which were sheltered by park walls and plantations, backed up by the crests of the encircling downs; and modern Eastbourne, by the way, has copied the idea in the shady alleys that are planted along the principal streets. For those who would rather be actually on the margin of the beach, the Sea Hous^s offered, perhaps, superior attractions. Many visitors even now prefer to be housed in the old Marine Parade, where the waves after a storm almost wash into the basements, and which commands splendid views eastwards and towards Hastings. The retirement endeared itself to faithful admirers, who came back in successive seasons to find the little lodgings overcrowded. Then a Grand Parade, with its hotel in the centre, became not an inviting building speculation but a positive necessity. A pier followed in due course, partly paying expenses even then by the trifling charge for admission, and counting hopefully on handsome profits in the future. Before the Grand Parade was the strip of promenade, built on a scale expressive of the sanguine expectations that tend inevitably to fulfil themselves, and constructed of solid masonry to resist the violence of the surf. The impulse that had been given gathered strength year by year, because it was due to permanent causes—namely, salubrity and scenery. We are told that the annual death-rate even now is only 19 in the 1,000, which is perhaps as near an

approach to immortality as English folks can reasonably hope for. Eastbourne, lying upon the chalk, is thoroughly ventilated from the ocean. But in its sanitary as well as its architectural arrangements, it owes almost everything to the lord of the soil. A dominating will and a deep purse carried out exceptional schemes for sewerage and water supply. The drainage is deposited by a system of converging sewers, with an outfall four miles away from the habitations; and practically unlimited water is stored in reservoirs after filtering through the purifying strata of the chalk hills. We do not imagine that the Duke of Devonshire was actuated by pure philanthropy, and we are happy to think that his benevolent speculation must have proved amply remunerative. But it is certain that had the works been undertaken piecemeal by small local proprietors and speculators with conflicting interests, there would have been a decided increase in the death-rate, even with less overcrowding in the season. And now, a respectable municipality having been set upon its legs, and fairly started with a rising income, we hear of the construction of additional sea-walls, parades, and public gardens, at an estimated cost of no less than 34,000.

We have spoken of the scenery, as well as the salubrity, of the place. In its scenery Eastbourne is singularly favoured. Old Eastbourne lies among the spurs of the chalk hills, and actually upon the lower slopes of the Downs. Closing the vista beyond the parades in front of the fashionable marine quarter, is the swelling mass of the grand headland of Beachy; while behind Beachy Head, and the long rolling ridge of the green sheep-pastures that dip among chalky hollows and walnut groves near the railway junction at Polegate, stretches for miles and miles the breadth of the Downs, only broken by the Ouse valley between Newhaven and Lewes. Nowhere in Southern England is the down-scenery more characteristic. Looking along it, from Beachy Head, we see range upon range and table-land extending beyond table-land, with a windmill here and there as a landmark. For the most part it is dotted over by flocks of sheep; but here and there it has been reclaimed, and bears crops of roots or corn. The stranger would hardly suspect that, sheltered deep out of sight, are some of the most picturesque villages and manor-houses in the country, with venerable churches and ancient hostelleries. To say nothing of the magnificent prospects over the Channel, there is really infinite variety in what seems at first a monotonous landscape; endless innocent excitements await the explorer; and what is simple love on a first acquaintance is likely to grow into an abiding passion. Yet, strange to say—and it is very little to the national credit—those Downs and their villages are almost as much left to the natives as in the days when the rare visitors to Old Eastbourne came as harbingers of the great annual immigration. The ascent of Beachy Head is recognized as a duty; but all behind is left very much a *terra incognita*. Such inexcusable indolence we believe to be the common vice of the ordinary run of holiday-makers. They take their holidays dully, though sometimes boisterously; they seek refreshment from their toils in new forms of excitement or in something like bodily and mental stagnation; and they neglect the opportunities of awakening the instincts and sensibilities which lie dormant in the routine of their industrious lives. No doubt it is generally and practically recognized that our picturesque watering-places play an important and benevolent part in the great plan of our national economy. But we fear that many of their visitors are perversely neglectful of the most health-giving of the enjoyments that are brought within their reach.

TRADE PROSPECTS.

SPECIAL speculative interest attaches just now to the condition and prospects of trade. That a great impetus would have been given to trade had the harvest this year been good, very few doubted. A single good harvest, of course, would not have recouped the farmers for their losses in so many successive years; but it would have stopped those losses and would have made good a part of them. It would also have given them courage, infused into them the belief that the long series of bad seasons had come to an end, and that an equally long series of good ones was beginning. It would likewise have restored their credit. Bankers and others would have been willing to advance them the means of putting their farms again in good condition, and of taking advantage of the turn in their favour when it came. Further, it would have increased employment in the rural districts. And lastly, it would have saved much money to the country. Every bushel of wheat which will have to be bought this year because of the rains of the last six weeks, is so much money taken out of the country and spent abroad. Had it been paid to our own farmers it would have been expended here at home, and would have gone to employ British labour and British capital. As it is, it will go to enrich Americans, Russians, and other foreigners. At the same time, it is not to be forgotten that in compensation the rains of August have done some good. The long, dry, cold spring and the intense heat of July had parched the pastures, stunted the hay crop, and almost burnt up the root crops. The damp, warm August vastly improved the green crops of every kind, and though it did not make up for the failure of the hay crop, it yet improved the grass immensely, and therefore provided autumn feeding for sheep and cattle. It is to be borne in mind, also, that the great heat of July hastened the ripening of the harvest in many quarters,

and that not a few skilful and prompt farmers were able to get in their crops before the wet came. It is likewise to be recollected that the harvest is not yet ripe in the North of England, in Scotland, and in Ireland, and that, if good weather should now continue, much of the corn crops in these districts may turn out excellent. But, when all is said, there can be no doubt that the rains of August did great and irreparable damage to the English harvest, and threw the farmer into a state of discouragement and discredit from which he will not easily escape. The question now is whether, in the face of an agricultural distress which has continued for six or seven years without a break, trade can go on improving, or whether the revival that set in two years ago is about to come to an end.

That revival had two distinct causes. First and chief, no doubt, was the reaction from the excessive discredit that followed the Glasgow Bank failure. The discredit which that failure caused in commercial classes was so great, and paralysed trade to so large an extent, that stocks were allowed to run down below the point at which they are usually kept, and it was inevitable that a reaction must come. The moment at which it did come was determined by the purchases of iron on American account. Three successive good harvests had restored prosperity to the United States, and, as usual in all periods of returning prosperity, the Americans took up again the plans of railway construction and extension which they had been obliged to suspend after the panic of 1873. The long and severe depression through which they had passed had put out of working order a large number of their iron and coal properties; and, when the work of railway extension was resumed, they found themselves without sufficient stocks of iron to go on. They had therefore to come to this country and to Europe generally to supply themselves. The large purchases, and the rise of prices which they led to, excited hopes that we were about to witness an immense development of trade between this country and the United States; that these American purchases would not be confined to iron alone, but would extend to almost all British manufactures; and the result was great speculative activity. The hope inspired in this way gave general courage to business men to re-supply themselves with stock, and thus in a moment the discredit that had followed the Glasgow Bank failure passed away. The influence of the American purchases was greatly aided by the large demand that had then sprung up for cotton piece goods in the far East, and more particularly in India. During the famines in India the import of cotton goods had greatly fallen off, people being too poor to re-stock their wardrobes; but on the return of better harvests they began again to purchase largely, and thus it happened that the two greatest industries in England—the cotton and the iron—were simultaneously benefited by large foreign purchases. It is a matter of common experience that when one or two great trades like these suddenly become prosperous their prosperity is transmitted through the various other trades of the country, and, as we have just been observing, had we been favoured with good agricultural seasons, we should now, no doubt, be enjoying a large measure of national prosperity. But just as the harvests have been disappointing, the purchases of iron on American account have fallen off, and there are symptoms that the purchases of cotton goods in India also are decreasing. The American purchases of iron fell off because the great rise of price stimulated production at home, and the American iron works are now able to supply all the native demand. There are appearances, indeed, that stocks are running low in the United States, and we should not be at all surprised if before long the American imports were to increase very largely. They are already increasing sensibly, but for the present the increase is small, while the falling-off, as compared with the purchases in the autumn of 1879 and the spring of 1880, is very great. The cause of the decrease in the Indian imports of cotton goods is different, and we hope will be much more temporary. It is due to the factitious dearness of cotton caused by the great "corner" in Liverpool of which we have all heard so much. In a very short time fully a penny per pound has been added to the price of the raw material in Lancashire, and consequently Manchester merchants are obliged either to produce less or to ask higher prices for their goods. But higher prices very soon begin to tell upon the exports to India. As soon, however, as the "corner" comes to an end, the price of cotton no doubt will again decline to a point which will admit of a large addition to the exports to India. Meanwhile, however, as we have said, both cotton and iron are less prosperous than they were at the end of 1879.

Under these circumstances, it is specially interesting to examine the Board of Trade Returns for August in order to see how the trade of the country is advancing. They certainly give no grounds for the impression that there is any decrease. On the contrary, there is evidence of decided increase. For the month alone the increase in the value of the exports is a little over two millions, or about 10 $\frac{1}{2}$ per cent., while for the eight months ended with August the increase is somewhat over 2 $\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. It will be observed that the increase for the month is very much greater than for the eight months. This in itself is a most encouraging sign. It shows that the diminution in trade, caused by the severity of the winter, is passing away, and that the improvement is receiving momentum as the year advances. August, in other words, has seen a larger increase in the exports than any previous month in the current year, and it is a fair inference that the improvement will not suddenly begin to slacken.

Another favourable sign is that the increase is very general. It is not, as was the case two years ago, confined to one or two great industries, but extends to almost every important article of export except cotton manufactures, the reason for the falling-off in which we have just stated. Yet another very satisfactory point is that the exports of iron and steel of all kinds show a very large increase—20 per cent. over those of August of last year—and a considerable proportion of the increase is due to American purchases, suggesting, as we have already observed, that the home supply is beginning to fall short, and that the Americans are again augmenting their purchases from us. The imports for the month show an increase of nearly 5½ per cent., but for the eight months ending with August they show a decrease of a little over 4½ per cent. The imports had shown so considerable a falling-off in the previous part of the year that the increase during August was not sufficient to make up the deficiency. In part the decrease is due to a diminished import of wheat and wheat flour. In raw materials the increase during August is general, except in the case of timber. The rise in the price of cotton attracted large imports of the raw material from India, and to a less extent also from America, Egypt, and Brazil; but, speaking generally, the imports of the raw materials of manufacture show a very marked and very satisfactory increase. Thus, the total increase for the month in the value of the imports is 1,672,000^l, and of this 1,510,000^l. is due to raw materials; while in the food products, properly so called, there is a decrease of 1,336,000^l, and in what we may call luxuries an increase of 283,000^l; in other specified articles an increase of 665,000^l, and in unenumerated articles an increase of 550,000^l. Thus, the increase in the imports of the raw materials of manufacture is greater than in all other articles put together. All this is a most favourable sign. If trade were not improving, it is not to be supposed that traders would continue to import larger quantities of raw material. And the fact that those imports are increasing is evidence not only of improvement in trade, it also testifies to a more hopeful spirit on the part of those engaged in trade, who clearly must believe that the improvement will continue.

The evidence afforded by the Board of Trade returns is confirmed by the Railway Traffic returns. Thus, for the ten weeks ended September 3, on seventeen selected British and Irish railways we find an increase in the receipts of 371,000^l, of which as much as 274,000^l. is in the receipts from goods, and 97,000^l. in those from passengers. The increase would be still larger if we were to confine our list to purely British lines, as upon the Irish lines there was a falling-off throughout the whole period. Still the figures are sufficient to show that the movement of goods is much larger than in the corresponding period of last year; in other words, that a larger volume of business is being done. Again, the Bankers' Clearing House returns for June, July, and August show on the 4th of the month increases throughout, amounting to over 2 millions in June, to over 4½ millions in July, and to again over 2 millions in August. Very little of this increase is to be attributed to speculation, for the settlements on the 4th of the month are settlements in trade proper. We have purposely avoided reference to the Stock Exchange settlements in these months, which show still larger increases, although the fact that speculation is rife is itself evidence, so far as it goes, of a more hopeful spirit in trade. Unless credit was good, and the business public expected better times, speculation could hardly prosper. The Revenue returns, like those of railway traffic and of the Bankers' Clearing-house, likewise afford evidence of improvement; but as yet it must be admitted that the improvement in this respect is not very distinct, though, so far as it goes, it is encouraging. Altogether, then, so far as statistics go, the condition of trade is healthy and its prospects are encouraging. The unfavourable features are the injury done to the harvest by the late rains, and the danger of dear money should the drain of gold to New York be resumed. For reasons which we have often stated in these columns, we do not think, however, that the drain of gold is likely to assume such proportions as to make money really dear—that is, so dear as to tell injuriously upon the course of trade.

THE THEATRES.

A FRENCH writer who recently attempted to make his readers understand what is meant by the "adaptation" of their countrymen's plays to the English stage, gave "arrangé, dérangé, bouleversé, défiguré," as the proper equivalents. These words very accurately describe the process by which Mr. Mortimer has contrived to make *Reclaimed* out of *Les Vieux Garçons*. M. Sardou's comedy is, doubtless, not the kind of piece which it is desirable to see on our stage. Although an English audience recently showed more than toleration for a play in every respect worse, we may hope that the example will not be followed. The success of *Heartsease* should be no precedent for familiarizing the English playgoer with plays such as *Les Vieux Garçons*. We have no desire to see either the lively vice which supplies their dramatic motive or the somewhat mawkish sentiment which pleases French audiences established on our boards. Nor do we suppose there are two opinions on the subject. This view of what is fitted for dramatic representation would justify a refusal to produce *Les Vieux Garçons* in any shape whatever; but it does not excuse Mr. Mortimer for adapting it so as to ruin it completely as a play. Even if all that is offensive in his original had been removed, we

should still think the adaptation a mistake. It is surely as easy to write an original bad play as to laboriously "adapt" a French one into absurdity. But, as a matter of fact, what is, or at least is supposed to be, offensive to English audiences in M. Sardou's play has not been rejected in *Reclaimed*. It has only been covered by a thin veil of decent language which, if it is taken seriously, deprives Mr. Mortimer's play of all dramatic life. Those of the Haymarket audience who were not acquainted with *Les Vieux Garçons* must have found it very difficult to understand what *Reclaimed* meant, and the English piece can only be explained by constant references to the French original. The central personage of M. Sardou's comedy is a veteran *roué* who is at last reformed by the purity of a young girl whom he has tried to seduce, and by the discovery that a rival with whom he is on the point of fighting a duel is his own son—of course, the child of a married woman who had been his mistress. The conversion of Mortemer by the innocence of the *ingénue* and the discovery of his relationship to M. de Nantya, the lover, makes one of those sentimental *coupes de théâtre* which the most cynical French audience loves. It is led up to with all M. Sardou's skill in construction, and the details are filled in with infinite dexterity. There is wit, and no doubt a certain truth to life, in the picture given of Mortemer, his bachelor friends, the foolish young married women who play at feeling the "storms of life," and the husbands whom *les vieux garçons* propose to make their victims. But, whether or not a true picture of French society, *Les Vieux Garçons* has dramatic life and probability. The characters are carefully defined in the first act, and the first act being accepted, what follows is natural and logical.

In his adaptation Mr. Mortimer has carefully eliminated from the French piece everything that gives it dramatic probability. At the very threshold he has committed the mistake of laying the scene of his play in England, and so at once trebling the improbability of the comedy. Mr. Delafield's drawing-room and Colonel Abercrombie's chambers and the things done there all belong to some stage fairyland. Then M. Sardou's first act, in which Mortemer (the Colonel Abercrombie of *Reclaimed*) explains his theory of life, and without which the rest of the play is unintelligible, has been suppressed. M. de Nantya becomes Captain Llewellyn. His motive for not taking his father's name is not, as in the French play, an honourable scruple as to bearing the name of the man whom his mother had betrayed. He changes it because his mother has been divorced, not by her own, but by her husband's fault, which seems no reason at all. The Mortemer of *Les Vieux Garçons* gives up trying to dishonour his friend's wife, only to attempt to seduce Antoinette. In *Reclaimed* we see nothing of the designs on Mrs. Delafield, and the Colonel is only desirous to marry Grace. When Llewellyn is furious at discovering that Grace has been in the Colonel's room, and insults him, Abercrombie has a perfectly easy and satisfactory answer. That Mortemer should be unable to find out who De Nantya was is perfectly natural, but it is improbable that Colonel Abercrombie should be unable to discover the origin of his brother officer. But the crowning absurdity of all is Abercrombie's behaviour when he discovers that the man with whom he is about to fight a duel is his son. Mortemer has good reason to be silent, but his English representative has none whatever for not telling the truth. In making the two men brother officers, Mr. Mortimer has gone out of his way to add improbability to improbability. It naturally follows that half the dialogue of *Reclaimed* is utterly without point. The cynical rascality of Mortemer, who believes in no woman's virtue, has neither rhyme nor reason as uttered by Colonel Abercrombie. It is almost superfluous to add that the bright crisp French of M. Sardou is utterly lost in the translation. Attempts at seduction are not things we desire to see familiarized on our stage; but it is impossible to avoid recognizing the absurdity of keeping the machinery of a French play founded on them, and changing the motive. Either most of the characters of *Reclaimed*—and there are many we have not mentioned—are doing nothing at all, in which case the piece has no dramatic life, or they are trying to do something immoral, and in that case we do not see what Mr. Mortimer has gained by all his trouble.

That the part of Colonel Abercrombie was taken by Mr. Hermann Vezin, and was consequently excellently played, is the only feature of the acting which calls for much notice. He acted with grace and finish, and, when his part (we mean the part of Mortemer) called for it, with power. The tedious rôle of Sir John Maudsley was intelligently played by Mr. Alfred Bishop; and Mr. George Weathersby as Mr. Redfern was at least not offensive in his accent or his gestures. The other members of the company, except Miss Cowell, who is colourless, were so in either one or the other, and some of them contrived to be so in both.

Any one who is frightened by the verbose nonsense written about the realism, moral teaching, and so on, of Mr. Sims's *Lights o' London*, may be recommended to go and see the piece, with the certainty of being agreeably disappointed. His moral teaching is good stage sentiment, and his realism is confined to a few scenes from the life of the poor in London, carefully selected, and, so to speak, well washed. The *Lights o' London* is a domestic melodrama, and a fairly good piece of its kind. The characters are all old friends. We have the virtuous hero, who possesses all the qualities that appeal to the gallery, who is at once a gentleman defrauded of his rights and a poor man struggling with malignant persecutors—a chaimant, in short, whom the people love as one of themselves because he is not one of themselves. Then

there is his "true wife," daughter of the lodge-keeper to the home of his ancestors. The keeper is a worthy man, who, with a truth to life rare in such cases, resigns himself with much philosophy to thinking that his daughter is the young master's mistress. The hero has a stern father and a wily enemy, his cousin. The cousin, again, has a subordinate villain at his beck and call. This minor scoundrel has a beautiful daughter, altogether worthy of him, who pairs off with the wicked cousin, and all three combine for the ruin of the virtuous hero, with triumphant results up to the end of the fourth act, and well-deserved punishment in the fifth. What the plot of the *Lights o' London* is, we shall not attempt to explain. Indeed we doubt whether it can strictly be said to have a plot; but it undoubtedly has, what is of far greater importance in such pieces, an exciting story, plenty of incident, and a soul-stirring crash at the end of each act. There are arrests, robbery, escapes, attempts at murder, and an effectual killing, a rescue from drowning, and a general free fight. The play has the too common fault of dragging somewhat in the dialogue, particularly in the first and third acts, but that might easily be remedied by confining the actors to saying their say only once in these scenes, instead of two or three times over as they do at present. Mr. Sims would also do well to alter the words of his hero's part in one passage of the first act. This young gentleman returns to his father's house in rage, and breaks down in an attempt to maintain a gay and careless air while pronouncing the words—"dress clothes." This is too suggestive of the hero of *Ten Thousand a Year*, who wept over the good dinners he had eaten and would eat no more. But, in spite of occasional tedium and absurdities of detail, the *Lights o' London* is an entertaining piece. Mr. Sims has not shown himself a great moral teacher or a powerful realist. He understands his business much better than his injudicious friends, and has written a fairly good domestic melodrama.

The acting of the play is excellent throughout. Mr. Wilson Barrett played the hero, Harold Arnytage, with emphatic virtue. As the smiling villain, Clifford Arnytage, Mr. E. S. Willard thoroughly deserved the applauding hisses of the gallery. Miss Eastlake moved the hearts of all the audience as the suffering heroine, Bea, and showed a very real power of expressing emotion, not only of the noisier kind. The way in which she "tarred" her husband on to thrash his enemy while he had the chance was beyond praise. The minor parts were well filled, and the crowds could not have been better drilled by the manager of the Saxe Meiningen. No better-mounted piece has been put before a London audience for a long time past.

The fact that the Park Theatre was fortunately empty when the fire broke out in it on last Saturday night will probably, as usual, make the public overlook the real lessons of the accident. From the rapidity with which the flames spread, it is only too probable that, had the fire broken out a few hours before, a terrible disaster would have been the consequence. As it is, the alarm and disturbance caused to the neighbourhood afford one more warning, if any is needed, to all who have any control or influence over theatres to insist on the adopting of every possible precaution against fire. This moral is neither new nor striking, but as long as it is neglected—as it has hitherto apparently been—it will need repeating. We hope that the assurances given, that the houses now under repair or in course of construction are being properly fitted, are well founded. That all possible precautions have been taken, should certainly be made an indispensable condition for the granting of every licence.

THE ST. LEGER.

MOST people who attend both the Derby and the St. Leger must have more agreeable recollections of the latter than of the former. Epsom Summer Meeting takes place at the height of the London season. At that time of year people are labouring to earn either money or popularity. The very Derby day itself is a holiday which can scarcely be snatched from the claims of business or society without inconvenience, and there is an unpleasant atmosphere of fuss and hurry about the whole thing. At Doncaster matters are quite different. Everybody—even to the toiler after pleasure—is taking a holiday at this season of the year. Parliament is no longer sitting; there is but little business going on in the City; barristers are not even nominally occupied; and there are no more drums and dinner parties to bore unhappy idlers. There are no debates to be waded through in the newspapers; even the smart article-writers themselves are taking their holidays; and the papers can be gleaned of everything worth remembering in a few minutes. Such being the condition of affairs, it can hardly be denied that the surroundings of the St. Leger day are happier than those of the Derby.

At Midsummer this year the approaching St. Leger had promised to be unusually interesting. In the Two Thousand Guineas Peregrine had been first and Iroquois second, while in the Derby Iroquois had been first and Peregrine second. It was expected that the rubber would be played out in the St. Leger, and that the respective merits of the rival champions would be finally settled. To the great disappointment of the racing public, Peregrine went wrong, and had to be scratched for the race. When it was known that Peregrine had failed, many people at first said that the St. Leger would be a gift for Iroquois, and that the race would be without interest; but as time went on they changed

their minds. It was soon remembered that on his two-year-old running St. Louis would have started first favourite for the Derby. Unfortunately, a slight splint on one of his forelegs had required surgical treatment at a critical period of his training, and consequently he had run for the Derby without anything like a proper preparation. Even in this state he had run very forward in that race for a mile, and then he had stopped from want of condition. Objectors were ready to argue that unless the horse had been considered fit by his trainer, he would not have been ridden so forward during the early part of the race, and that it had yet to be proved that he could stay; but that the general opinion was in his favour was proved by the fact that his price in the betting market kept gradually but steadily shortening. One thing seemed certain—namely, that St. Louis had undergone as thorough a preparation as any horse that was to start for the St. Leger, while the training of Iroquois had been interfered with by a cough. If, therefore, Iroquois and St. Louis were equally good horses, it seemed fair to reason that St. Louis ought to be a few pounds the best of the pair on the day of the St. Leger, as Iroquois had been stopped in his work for a short time, while St. Louis's preparation had been uninterrupted. Another horse, whose training had been interfered with during his preparation for the Derby and the Two Thousand Guineas, was Scobell, who had been laid up for a time with a bruised foot. The day after the Derby he had won the Epsom Grand Prize, in which he had given a stone to Ishmael, a horse that had subsequently won the Great Yorkshire Stakes. Yet at Ascot, Scobell had only run third at even weights to Voluptuary, who had been nowhere to him when receiving 4 lbs. in the Epsom Grand Prize; and in the Grand Prix de Paris Scobell had not even been placed. There appeared to be about two stones between his best and his worst form, and it would have been hard indeed to predict with certainty that any horse of his year would beat him if he were well and in his best humour. Ishmael's performance in the Great Yorkshire Stakes was a good one, but its value was questioned by many critics, on the ground that the course was in a very heavy state. In appearance Ishmael did not look like a St. Leger winner; but nothing that was to start looked like a racehorse of the very best class. Limestone was the best-looking horse in the race; he had not been placed in the Derby, but at Ascot he had run Voluptuary to a head, and had beaten Scobell by a length, and at the same meeting he had won a Triennial Stakes very cleverly. At Goodwood he had given Geologist 3 lbs., and beaten him by a neck, and in the same race Voluptuary was unplaced, although he was receiving 3 lbs. from the winner. Geologist had only won one race in his life, and had been very often beaten, both as a two-year-old and as a three-year-old, but he had always been, and still continued to be, a favourite with many good judges. His backers throughout the season had seemed determined that he should win a great race, even when he had evinced no disposition to do so. Voluptuary had not won many races of importance, but he had made most manful running in the Derby, and he had, in different races, beaten Scobell, Limestone, and Ishmael. Privateer had begun his season by winning a couple of races at Goodwood. The same horse ran him to a head in both races; and, as this animal belonged to the owner of Iroquois, it was naturally believed that, if Iroquois was still boldly supported by his stable, Privateer's chance of winning the St. Leger must be a very remote one. At one time there was a strong disposition to back Lucy Glitters at outside prices, but she subsequently ran so badly that she became practically unnoticed. Before many St. Legers the chief question asked among racing men has been, "Will the mare win?" This year no mare had any pretensions to favouritism. If Thebais, the winner of the Oaks, had been entered for the St. Leger, she would probably have been the first favourite throughout the summer. Up to the day of the race she had won on every occasion that she had raced this season, and she had run over long courses and short courses, on hard ground and on soft. Last year she had lost her two earliest races, but afterwards she had won ten races in succession before the end of the season.

The interest of the St. Leger was not entirely of a satisfactory character. Instead of consisting in the difficulty of foretelling the best of several horses of surpassing excellence and in perfect condition, it lay rather in the question whether the best horses in the race were not, from one cause or another, somewhat out of form. It may, indeed, with justice be said that, between splints and bruised soles, coughs, influenzas, and roarings, the history of the St. Leger of 1881 is one long story of infirmities and afflictions. If the absence of the name of Thebais from the nominations was to be regretted, there was even greater cause for lamentation in the roaring of Bal Gal, who, on her best form of last year, ought to have had the St. Leger completely at her mercy. It is interesting to remember that she beat Iroquois, St. Louis, Scobell, Thebais, and all the best horses of her own age during her first season, and that in some cases she won in a common canter by several lengths. At one time, shortly before the St. Leger, so many of the favourites lay under suspicion of unsoundness, that some people began to think that Bal Gal, roarer as she was, might still have some chance of winning. For a few days every horse was mistrusted, and Iroquois went up and down in the betting in a manner which was enough to puzzle even the best-informed as to his merits and condition. The first favourite changed almost from hour to hour, and the instalment of any horse at the head of the quotations was almost a certain sign that rumours would shortly be forthcoming to the effect that he was unsound, that he had been beaten in a trial, or

that he had lost his form. As may easily be imagined, there were plenty of people ready to take advantage of such a state of things as this; and, when once a condition of panic had been established in the betting market, constantly varying reports were industriously circulated by persons who availed themselves of every opportunity of profiting by the changing prices of the different candidates in the quotations. Early in the Doncaster-week, Iroquois was once more firmly established as first favourite, and he maintained his position until the start; but to the very last there were people who continued to spread evil reports about him. They said that he did very little work on Monday morning, that he was taken home suddenly in a suspicious manner to his stables, and that there was a mysterious something the matter with him which precluded all possibility of his winning. It was said that if President Garfield were to die before the race, Mr. Lorillard would not allow his horse to run; and it was even rumoured at one time that Archer was not well, and would not be able to ride the favourite. It was also reported that there was a flaw in Iroquois's nomination for the St. Leger, which would disqualify him if he were to come in first.

The St. Leger day was fortunately fine, and there was a large attendance to witness the race. Fifteen horses came out for the start, and it was the general opinion that in appearance they were rather below than above the average. Iroquois was at last very firm in the betting at 2 to 1; St. Louis and Ishmael were equal favourites at 5 to 1; and Limestone and Geologist at 11 to 1. Next in estimation came Scobell, then Voluptuary, and then Bal Gal, at 20 to 1, a shorter price than any that had been taken about her for some time before the race. When they had got off and fairly settled down to their work, Josyan and Falkirk made the running as far as the Rifle Butts. It may as well be said that this statement is made entirely from hearsay, for the atmosphere was so dull and misty that little could be distinctly seen by those on the stands except the start and the last half mile of the race. It is understood that after getting a good start, Iroquois was pulled back, until he was absolutely last as they went over the brow of the hill. St. Louis, Ishmael, Geologist, Scobell, Limestone, and Lucy Glitters are said to have kept forward during the greater part of the race. At the Red House Josyan and Falkirk gave up the lead, and then Ishmael took up the running for about a quarter of a mile, when he fell back beaten, accompanied by St. Louis. Lucy Glitters then led to the distance, where Iroquois came to the front, followed by Geologist. When once Iroquois had come forward, there was no doubt about the result. He was about a length in advance of Geologist as he passed the winning-post, and Geologist was somewhat less than a length in front of Lucy Glitters. St. Louis was fourth, but a bad fourth. Ishmael, Scobell, Limestone, and Bal Gal had nothing to do with the finish.

As a confirmation of public form, the St. Leger was, upon the whole, a satisfactory race. It is, of course, quite right that the winner of the Derby should win the St. Leger. The relative positions of Limestone and Geologist, when compared with their previous running, were rather unaccountable. It would seem that St. Louis cannot stay, otherwise his two-year-old running with Lucy Glitters and Geologist in the Middle Park Plate would be inconsistent with his position in the St. Leger. Geologist has not hitherto been a lucky horse. His race in the St. Leger was the fourth running in which he had been second. His form with Iroquois in the Prince of Wales's Stakes at Ascot was proved by the St. Leger to have been correct. At Ascot, Iroquois had given him 9 lbs. and had beaten him by half a length. In the St. Leger, at even weights, Iroquois had beaten him very easily by a length, with perhaps a few pounds in hand. There seemed to be some prospect of the relative merits of these two horses being still further analysed, as they were both entered for the Cesarewitch, Iroquois being handicapped to give 12 lbs. to Geologist.

The result of the St. Leger is a well-earned triumph for the Americans. It is only to be regretted that their representative was subjected to so many evil reports by the scum of the English betting ring. The success of Mr. Lorillard was highly popular, and received one of the loudest demonstrations of applause ever given to a St. Leger victory.

REVIEWS.

BREWER'S HISTORY OF GERMANY.*

DR. BREWER opens his preface with the rather startling assertion that "no history can be compared in interest to that of Germany, and none is so suggestive or dramatic." Such extravagant enthusiasm as this inevitably excites a suspicion that the writer has not been very long familiar with his subject; and the suspicion is confirmed by a closer study of the volume. In one passage Dr. Brewer talks of "reading up" the lives of certain sovereigns "from State papers and other original sources"; but we have observed few traces of "original sources" in any part of his narrative. Its general character suggests that he must have contented himself with the study of a few authorities selected at random, and that his study even of these must have been hasty

and superficial. The history of Germany is very imperfectly understood by the majority of Englishmen, and a trustworthy account of it would be a useful addition to our literature. Dr. Brewer, unfortunately, teaches much that would have to be unlearned by readers who derived their first impressions from him; and he omits still more that is necessary to a thorough comprehension of the governing tendencies in the development of the German Constitution.

We naturally expect that an historian of Germany will begin with a full description of the condition of the country in primitive times. The statements and hints of Tacitus have been interpreted by Waitz with so much learning and insight that the task is now comparatively easy; but the only writer of this name of whom Dr. Brewer seems to have heard is Waitz the anthropologist, to whom, by the way, he attributes one of the works of the author of the *Deutsche Verfassungsgeschichte*. Even without reference to Waitz, a fairly conscientious writer might make the *Germania* the basis of a very instructive chapter. Dr. Brewer, however, has only managed to bring together a few meagre notices, some of which have not even the merit of being accurate. He asserts, for instance, that the ancient Germans at one time "believed in a single supreme Deity," and that they afterwards abandoned "this simplicity of religion" in consequence of the influence of "Celtic and Roman superstitions." A writer who could say this could say anything; and it prepares us for Dr. Brewer's statement that "from the time of Tiberius to that of Charlemagne the political history of the Germans is almost a blank," and that "during this period many petty States were formed." The truth, of course, is that from the third century onward there were far fewer "petty States" in Germany than there had been before. The Germans had learned that they could hope to maintain their independence only by union, and the tribes, each of which was a "petty State," gradually merged their separate rights in those of several important confederations. That "the political history of the Germans is almost a blank" from Tiberius to Charlemagne can only be said if we are prepared to leave out of account the history of the Franks; but it is difficult to understand how this can be done, since the Franks were simply a group of German tribes, and the whole of Germany was ultimately a part of the Frankish kingdom. Dr. Brewer, with the courage of his opinions, passes almost at once from "the Goths and Huns" to Charlemagne, merely filling in the intervening period with some dry remarks on the introduction of Christianity into Germany. The result is that no one who obtained his information from Dr. Brewer's narrative would have the faintest idea of the circumstances in which the kingdom of Germany originated. Although he is in so great a hurry to reach the most commanding figure of early mediæval history, he manifests very little knowledge of the true causes of Charlemagne's importance. Dr. Brewer is careful to tell us that Charlemagne "preferred roast meat to boiled," that "at his noonday meal his attendant brought him up his favourite roast on a spit, hot from the fire," and that "after dinner he took a little fruit, and then a nap for about two hours." We do not quarrel with Dr. Brewer for setting down these details, but they can hardly be said to compensate us for the absence of a precise record of the events of Charlemagne's reign. Nothing in the career of Charles is more striking or significant than his prolonged contest with the Saxons. For more than thirty years they troubled him, but he would not rest until they were finally conquered. He must have had some very strong reason for persisting in a struggle that cost him so many sacrifices, and the reason seems to have been that the predominance of the Franks in Germany was necessarily insecure so long as there was a wild, independent people on their north-eastern frontier. Dr. Brewer appears to regard the wars in Saxony as a sort of accident, and the few lines which he devotes to them are tame and cold. In describing the assumption of the Imperial crown by Charlemagne he has nothing to say as to the underlying causes which led to this great event; and he shows no grasp of the principles which marked the administrative system of Charlemagne and his far-reaching ecclesiastical policy.

In the time of the Saxon and Franconian dynasties the power of the sovereign was usually greater in Germany than in any other European country; but it was gradually undermined, until at last it existed only in name. One of the chief problems of German history is to explain this steady decay of the royal authority, and even in England, thanks mainly to Mr. Bryce, the true explanation is now pretty well known. It is to be found in the connexion of the German with the Imperial crown. Had the German Kings confined themselves to their own country, there is no reason to doubt that they would have been able to subdue the great feudal chiefs, and that Germany would have been united several centuries before the real union of France was achieved. Being Emperors as well as Kings, they came into violent collision with the Papacy; they could not avoid a deadly struggle with the Lombard cities; and they were tempted to waste their strength in Southern Italy. Thus the princes and nobles had innumerable opportunities of usurping royal rights, and the time came when it was too late to undo the mischief that had been accomplished. All this is occasionally referred to by Dr. Brewer, but he does not see that it ought to form the principal element in the mediæval history of Germany. When he reaches the thirteenth century, he is obliged to represent the nation as composed of a great many small principalities, virtually independent; but he gives his readers only a dim and confused impression of the process by which this state of things was brought about. He is not

* *The Political, Social, and Literary History of Germany*. By the Rev. Dr. Cobham Brewer. London: De La Rue & Co. 1881.

more successful in his treatment of the immediately succeeding period. He repeats the praises which used to be lavished on Rudolph I. by Austrian historians; but in reality Rudolph did very little for Germany; he discouraged the cities, the natural allies of the Crown, and was chiefly anxious to secure the prosperity of his own family. Dr. Brewer can hardly find epithets strong enough to express his dislike of Albert I., whom he describes as "big-nosed, loose-lipped, blind of one eye, rude in manners, grasping, selfish, and overbearing." Yet Albert was one of the few sovereigns who saw the importance of the cities, and he made sincere attempts to maintain the public peace. The death of Henry VII., we are informed, "was a great loss"; and he is said to have been, not only "brave and powerful," but "sagacious and just." His justice, however, would have been more readily acknowledged by the princes than by the great towns; and we may question his sagacity in endeavouring to revive the glories of the Empire. The reign of Lewis IV. was rendered memorable by the renewal of what Dr. Brewer calls "The old, old quarrel between Pope and Emperor." "The beginning of the end," he says, "had set in, and the thunders of the Vatican were passed by as the idle wind which no man regarded." This is true; but Dr. Brewer should have accounted for the fact that those Papal claims which had found so many supporters in former times were rejected by the entire German people in the fourteenth century.

Dr. Brewer allows himself ample space to say everything that is necessary for his purpose regarding the Reformation; but here also his knowledge is very inadequate. The Reformation was not, as he supposes, due exclusively to the worldliness of the clergy; many causes combined to produce it, such as the influence exerted by the Mystics on tender and sensitive minds, the devotion of the Humanists to classical study, and the rising spirit of nationality which was shared by all classes. Among the immediate effects of the Reformation were several political movements which might easily have resulted in consequences of the highest importance. The barons, who had always resented the tyranny of the princes, fancied that they might achieve independence; and they had scarcely been suppressed when Germany was convulsed by the Peasants' War. These agitations Dr. Brewer does not even mention, although they are in themselves full of interest, and reveal some of the deepest tendencies of the age. He is silent, too, as to the causes which induced Charles V. to side with the Catholic party. No sovereign after Charlemagne had so good a chance of establishing a great and enduring empire; but there were elements, both in his personal character and in his official position, which rendered it impossible for him to take advantage of the opportunity; and Dr. Brewer would have been much better employed in indicating these elements than in retailing a quantity of absurd gossip about the Emperor's last days. When the Reformation seemed to have triumphed, the aspect of affairs in Germany, and, indeed, in the whole Western world, was changed by the Catholic reaction of which Ferdinand I. was the leading representative. Of the significance of this reaction Dr. Brewer has only the vaguest notion; and he does not make even an approach to the comprehension of Ferdinand's austere and fanatical character. He fails also to trace the influence of the Reformation on the relations of the princes to the Crown, to each other, and to the people; and he says hardly anything of the widespread desolation caused by the Thirty Years' War. His treatment of later periods is not quite so unsatisfactory, but it is in no respect worthy of the subject. The commanding element in the history of Germany since the Thirty Years' War is the growing power of Prussia. The general course of events can be made intelligible only if this is constantly borne in mind, and unfortunately it is often forgotten by Dr. Brewer.

The most daring historian might hesitate before deciding to include in his work an account of the development of German philosophy; but Dr. Brewer enters upon the task in a cheerful and confident spirit. He begins with the scholastic philosophy, his contempt for which, whether based on accurate study or not, is expressed in sufficiently emphatic terms. With a fine disregard of the consistency of figures, he denounces scholasticism as a "worthless battle of frogs and mice," an "everlasting disputation about goats' wool," a "theological minotaur," and a set of "cobwebs, to be swept away by the besom of common sense." Of Leibnitz we are informed that "he maintained that there are two kinds of monads or protoplasm, one spiritual and the other material," and that he considered pre-established harmony to be "the cause of the perfect sympathy and joint action of these two protoplasm." Kant's doctrine is summed up in the statement that, in his opinion, "phenomena are outward and sensible, noumena real but wholly ideal"; and Dr. Brewer disposes of Fichte's idealism by the remark that "the telegraph is not the telegram, nor does it make the telegram; it only conveys it or makes it known. So the human faculties do not create what they announce, but only convey the information to the brain, more or less correctly as it may be." The sections on literature are scarcely more luminous than those on philosophy. The works of Goethe and Schiller are described, but Dr. Brewer makes no attempt to investigate the conditions of national thought and life which prepared the way for these writers. Of the two, Schiller is the poet whom he admires the more strongly. He even maintains that Schiller is "the greatest poetical genius of modern times," and that "as a lyrist he is certainly equal if not superior to Goethe." Dr. Brewer has a right to his opinion, but in the

statement of facts it is as well to be accurate, and he is not accurate when he says that "before Schiller was twenty years old he brought out his play called *The Robbers*." He has formed a much less favourable judgment of Goethe, who, he contends, "is waning fast." He admits that *Faust* is "really a great poem, not without dramatic scenes"; but "what its object is," he adds, "it would be hard to say"; and he is convinced that the story of Gretchen (whom he calls Gretchen, and describes as "a soiled dove") "is certainly out of character." After this we are not surprised to be told that Heine's prose is "smart," but that it "has been buried in the limbo of forgetfulness"; and it seems hardly worth while to suggest to Dr. Brewer that in a sketch of German literature there ought to be some explanation of the rise and decay of the Romantic school.

FAIRY TALES FROM FINLAND.*

WE often notice on the part of translators who take upon themselves to usher a foreign author for the first time before the English public a curious carelessness as to the reception which will be given to him. They think that if his name is mentioned on the title-page their duty to him is performed, and they do not care in the least about the impression which the particular work they have chosen may make upon the minds of readers curious to discover the secret of his reputation. The volumes before us form a flagrant instance of the carelessness in question. They introduce for the first time in an English dress the author who enjoys the greatest celebrity among living Swedish writers of the older generation; and it would seem natural to devote a prefatory page to informing English readers who Professor Topelius is, what he has done, and what position these fairy tales take in the body of his writings. But not one word of this is said. In very curious English the translator merely remarks:—"I now venture to submit to the English youth a selection of Zac. Topelii idyls. They have already found their way into the French, German, Danish, Finnish, and Russian tongues, which fact alone should guarantee that, like their kindred of H. C. Andersen and R. Gustafson, they are endowed with delicate and everlasting beauty." To Mr. A. Alberg, who thinks that the Latin genitive is used in English writing, we might say in passing, Andersen we know and Topelius we know, but who is Gustafson? This, however, is all the introduction he gives to his author, and even when, in the beginning of "Whisperings in the Wood," among the Swedish illustrations which are used, a portrait of the poet himself is introduced, no reference whatever is made to the fact. We therefore feel it due to the Swedish poet that in welcoming him for the first time on English ground, we should explain a little what manner of man he is.

Zachris Topelius was born in Finland, in 1818, nine years after that province was sundered from the Swedish realm, and by the Peace of Frederikshamn annexed to Russia as a Grand-Duchy. He has therefore been a Russian subject all his life, and cannot, as his great friend and master Runeberg could just do, remember the Swedish armies, under Döbeln and Kulneff, marching through the streets of Jakobstad. But notwithstanding this, he has retained through life a sort of pathetic echo of those great days of dismemberment and defeat, and his intellectual loyalty to Swedish is as deep and pronounced as his personal loyalty to Russia. Topelius is in many respects a typical Finlander; his books express the contentment and pacific sweetness of the Grand Duchy, which alone of all its dependencies has never given Russia any trouble, and which alone has never been tyrannized over or annoyed. The language of Finland is still Swedish in books and in business, in the Universities and in the courts of law. To the occasional suggestions of the Russian authorities that Russian ought to be cultivated, the Finns shrug their shoulders and answer that they have already two languages, Swedish and Finnish, and that life is too short for them to learn a third. A good-humoured appeal on the ground of laziness tickles a Russian tenderly, and it seems likely that Swedish will still be spoken in Helsingfors when Polish is no more heard in Warsaw or German in Riga. For Swedish literature this is a very beneficent providence, since, if we may judge the future by the past and the present, to prevent the Finns from writing Swedish would halve the productive power of the nation. From the earliest times Sweden has welcomed some of her most nervous and most original writers from the eastern side of the Gulf of Bothnia. Jacob Frese, almost the only genuine lyrical poet Sweden enjoyed in the seventeenth century, brought his characteristic Finnish melancholy with him from the extreme borders of Viborg; Kellgren, the most brilliant of Swedish satirists, was born at Åbo; the great lyrist Franzén, Fredrika Bremer, whose name is known throughout the educated world; Runeberg himself, the greatest name which adorns the annals of Swedish literature—all these and many more famous names would diminish seriously by their absence the lustre of their mother-country's history if Finland could have been annexed by Russia intellectually as easily as it was politically.

The writings of Topelius have always combined this Swedish tradition of style with a more secret and intimate tone of purely Finland feeling. He has been content to be a little provincial that he might be the more deeply patriotic, and he is, in fact, the

* *Snowdrops*; *Whisperings in the Wood*. From the Swedish of Zach. Topelius. By Albert Alberg. 2 vols. London: Allen & Co.

most characteristically Finnish poet that exists. His earliest labours were the oral collection of certain fragments of the *Kalevala*, which he was the first to observe, but with which his name has never been prominently identified, because he very early abandoned the whole theme to his friend, Dr. Elias Lönnrot, to whom the world owes the recovery and the publication of that extraordinary savage epic. In 1845 Topelius published his first volume of poems, called *Ljungblommer* ("Heather Blossoms"), songs and ballads of the woodland life of Finland—melancholy, tender, and sonorous verses, which exactly suited the temper of his countrymen, and which are constantly being reprinted. He has gone on writing lyrical poetry in the same key, but never with greater success than in this work of his youth. He has gradually become, as the chief writer of a small community so often tends to become, more or less encyclopaedic; his writings embrace philosophy, science, fiction, and politics, all treated in a somewhat popular manner. He has written national plays for the stage at Helsingfors, and one at least of these, his tragedy of *Regina von Emmeritz*, has enjoyed a lasting success. But his most important contribution to literature, perhaps, has been his cycle of patriotic romances, entitled *Fältskärns Berättelser*, or "Tales of a Surgeon," which have found readers wherever the Swedish language is understood. Zachris Topelius is Professor of Latin at the University of Helsingfors, where, since the death of Runeberg in 1877, he is honoured as the principal writer of his native country. Late in life he has discovered a wonderful tact and charm in addressing children. A chatty volume about Finland, *Boken om vort land* ("The Book about our Country"), was so enthusiastically received that the poet determined to address himself entirely to the young, and with that intention composed the short "idyls," or fairy tales, of which two instalments are here presented to English children. They are written in the original in a style so simple and harmonious, and illuminated by so sweet and original a fancy, that the poet loses no dignity as a serious writer by acknowledging them. But to place them before us, as specimens of the works of Topelius, without any account of his career in general, is exactly like translating and publishing *The King of the Golden River* as giving an adequate idea of Mr. Ruskin's general scope and aim.

The manner of Topelius in approaching a childish imagination is far removed from that of Hans Andersen, with whom he has been very inconsiderately compared. To say the truth, the one is a cosmopolitan and the other a local writer. Andersen's wit and rapid ingenuities of plot appeal to the general instincts of mankind, and are as welcome to the small Hindoo as to a Danish or an American child. He is intelligible all the world over, and describes a life which, existing nowhere, might and should exist everywhere. To appreciate the charm of Topelius, on the other hand, it is desirable that we should know something of Finland, its desolate forests, its endless network of silver lakes, its gentle heathen population shrinking from sight of civilized things behind the mountains and in impenetrable morasses, its pathetic and yet glorious memories of the war of independence. These are all reflected in the stories of Topelius, and are taken for granted in such a way that a child ignorant of all these might receive the actual story with but a languid interest. Where they more particularly deal with nature, and give personal volition and intelligence to the inanimate world, they remind a reader strikingly of the best and earliest nature-stories of the late Mrs. Gatty—tales to the originality and beauty of which justice has scarcely been done. Topelius introduces us, in his fanciful way, to all parts of his great and melancholy province. Now we are with a herd of reindeer, rushing headlong across the vast frozen lake of Enare, far north of the Arctic Circle, while the dawn streams in crimson upon us from over the snow-white peaks of Mount Peldovi; scarcely one European can be found within fifty miles, and in the huge desolation the smoke of a little colony of Quains is a rare feature in the landscape. Now we trudge, with a joyous company of children, from the little seaport town of Uleåborg up into the wide defiles where the cranberry grows, acre upon acre, with its pure waxy bell of rose colour in summer, and its rich purple berry in autumn. Now, in more thickly peopled regions, where the torrent has become a river, and lazily drags with it its wandering fleet of planks cut high up in the forest, we stand in the rainbow of the waterfall, where its cool spray minglest with the sharp smell of the saw-mill. Again, from some creek in the Gulf of Finland, under the shadow of the carefully guarded and tended cherry-tree, we watch the white sails flitting across the islands, and the gunboats going out to practise from some islet citadel—Sveaborg or Ruotsilsalmi—which reminds us that Russia has sharp claws underneath the velvet paw she seems to lay so carelessly on the romantic Grand Duchy.

A characteristic story of the last class is "Gifts from the Deep." An old fisherman and his wife are the only inhabitants of a lump of red granite that stands far out to sea at the entrance of a frequented port. This islet, which is called Ahtola, is beautifully described. It contains the hut in which these people and their dog live, a few tufts of grass and sedge, one mountain ash, and four willow-bushes. The only things which grow upon it in a state of cultivation are a few leeks, which the old woman tends, in the shelter of a rock. The couple would be contented with their life if it were not that the old woman had long been secretly consumed by one mad and vain desire to possess a cow. One day a party of students come out to Ahtola in a boat and consume a great quantity of herrings, complaining bitterly that there is no other food to be had, not even milk. They further

explain that the name of the island shows that it is the stronghold of Ahti, who is king of the sea in the *Kalevala*, and they laughingly declare that the good wife should promise gifts to Ahti, and ask him for one of his cows. The students row home again; the old man laughs at their story, but his wife thinks of it over and over again. It is Sunday evening, and as they go out with their nets she murmurs an old incantation very busily, bringing in the name of Ahti. They return home and go to bed, but in the middle of the night they are wakened up by a terrific storm; they hurry down to try to save their nets, but they see that it is quite impossible to go out in such a tempest, and presently, when the day dawns, they find their nets unbroken on the beach, bursting with silvery herrings. Behind the rock where the leeks grow, something is moving; the old woman can hardly believe her eyes—it is a cow, and as it complacently munches seaweed she is under no anxiety about its feed. From this day forward the old couple grow in wealth and happiness. Ahti sends full nets of fish every day, they build a house with the proceeds, more cows are washed ashore on stormy nights, and the heart of the fisherman's wife waxes prouder and prouder, till she determines to try and fill up the sea with stones, so as to form a bridge to the mainland. But the stones fall on the face of Ahti and wound him, so that in his anger he removes all his gifts, and she finds herself in her rags in the old hut, and her husband upbraids her with lying so long abed on a Monday morning; for it has all been a dream—cows and new house and fine dresses and all—even the anger of Ahti.

The translation of these stories is not conducted throughout in the same manner as the extract we have quoted from the preface; it is, on the contrary, careful and correct, although constantly betraying the fact that it is a translation. At its best it is, however, only fair to Professor Topelius to say that it gives no idea of his clear and limpid style.

MORE ABOUT THE FRENCH POLICE.*

THE third volume of the *Mémoires de M. Claude*, which has just appeared, will in all probability greatly disappoint the readers of the first two. There are no astonishing revelations, no accounts of patriotic ladies who, while devoting themselves alternately to a conspirator and an emperor, sought to weave a net in which to entrap the latter; and no personage appears so striking as the beautiful and terrible Mine. X—, who in the latter half of the nineteenth century was able to act in real life the part of Lucrezia Borgia, and to inform a gentleman with whom she had breakfasted that he was poisoned, and that, like Mark Twain's duellist, he had better inquire for the nearest undertaker. Of Troppman's crime, the deep political significance of which was to be explained in the third volume, nothing is said, and the stories relating to people still living, which have been hinted at, are not forthcoming. Perhaps the revelations of the communicative policeman were too scandalous, and actions for libel were feared. Perhaps it was found that, with some expansion, there was matter enough for four volumes, and the editor has reserved the most remarkable narratives for the last. In any case, this third volume seems dull in comparison with its predecessors. There are some strange stories which would be worth attention if they could be believed; and there are some very disgusting pages which should never have been allowed to appear, and much information about murderers and thieves; but there is nothing like the wonderful statements respecting the doings and adventures of the rulers of an Empire which were contained in the first two volumes of M. Claude's edifying memoirs.

A good deal, however, can be found in this volume to gratify those who love to look at the criminal side of human nature; and some of the stories told, though not so remarkable as those which have come before, are certainly startling, if true. Unfortunately, it is impossible not to feel the gravest doubt as to their truth, and it seems likely that this volume will be little believed in and that it will shake to some extent belief in the two previous ones. It begins soberly enough, with a sketch of the organization of the French police under the Empire. From this it appears that, besides 800,000 francs contributed by the city of Paris, nearly 5,000,000 francs were allotted to the prefecture from the public revenue for police pay. These sums, however, though certainly not inconsiderable, formed in reality but a small part of the amounts spent on the police service. "Veut on connaître exactement le chiffre des fonds réglés par Napoléon III," says M. Claude; "ils étaient de 14,000,000 de francs." This seems a goodly sum for secret service money, expended on one section of the police only; but of course the question is, whether M. Claude's statement is true. As to this, readers of his narrative—or rather of what purports to be his narrative—must judge for themselves, as probably there are no means of verifying or disproving his figures. If the accounts of the police under the Empire have not been destroyed, it is very little likely that they will be published. After dealing shortly with this part of his subject, the writer proceeds to tell the story of a "nabab" who had five wives living in different countries; to describe the usages of *chevaliers d'industrie*, "picks-pockets," and murderous burglars; to give an account of a case of vitriol-throwing by a jealous wife, and of a vile crime committed with the aid of chloroform. Then come a very dull chapter about "les gens de théâtre et gens de lettres," and a very disgusting one, which

* *Mémoires de M. Claude, Chef de la Police de Sûreté sous le Second Empire.* Paris: Jules Rouff.

should never have been published. The filthy and abominable story told in this is followed by a portion of the memoirs which ought to be interesting. It is headed "Une arrestation du citoyen Blanqui," and the reader naturally expects to find in it a clear and intelligible account of the manner in which this very famous conspirator was tracked down by the most dexterous of *policiers*: but, alas, he is doomed to disappointment, for M. Claude and his editor offer nothing of the kind. Either the narrative is altogether fictitious, or else the editor has not been able to understand M. Claude's account. The absurdity of the story told will be best proved by a brief analysis of it.

Blanqui, says the veracious historian, took advantage of the general amnesty which followed the rigours of the Espinasse Ministry to re-enter France, and the police were soon informed that he had come from London *via* Belgium, and had made his way to Paris. It was, however, one thing to know that Blanqui was in Paris, and quite another thing to lay hands on him there. He was, says M. Claude, "passé maître dans l'art de dérouter toutes les pistes." As Blanqui passed much of his life in prison, his skill must frequently have deserted him; but nevertheless it may well be believed that he was not easily caught. On this occasion he altogether eluded the favourite Corsican spies of the Emperor, who were set on his trail; but two French detectives succeeded at last in discovering that he was stopping in a house near Montparnasse with his sister and a "citoyenne Fremeau," who were devoted to him. Strange to say, in spite of Blanqui's well-known subtlety, no attempt was made to seize him on the day of the discovery. Early next morning some police officers went to the house indicated, but, as might have been expected, the bird had flown. Blanqui, "qui sentait toujours de loin son mouchard" had doubtless found out during the evening that the spies had been close to him, and had taken the very natural and obvious precaution of leaving the neighbourhood. In the house which had been occupied by him the police found, however, Blanqui's sister, Mme. Antoine, the "citoyenne Fremeau," and an elderly workman, who, when they entered, was engaged in chasing some silver plate. From not one of these three could anything be extracted; but on searching the workman, a piece of paper bearing what M. Claude calls "l'anagramme de Blanqui" was found. It was, in fact, nothing but a series of words, the first letters of which formed the conspirator's name. They were arranged in a column, and were as follows—Bonheur, Loi, Amour, N'ont Qu'Un Instant. This, of course, was not an anagram, but we can forgive the chief of police for not knowing the true meaning of a word coined from the Greek. It is less easy to forgive him for trying to gull readers with a childish story. He asserts that from this paper he discovered what an American would call the location of the redoubtable Republican. Most singular, certainly, was the deduction he formed. The workman, after a time, was set at liberty; but, by M. Claude's orders, was carefully followed, and was seen to go to a house in the Rue des Trois-Bornes. When the *chef de la sûreté* was informed of this, everything became clear to his detective intellect. The "anagram" was explained. Blanqui begins with a B, so does Bornes. The conspirator was to be found in some street the name of which began with one of the letters of his surname. With this marvellous indication, discovered by the genius of the great detective, the spies were set to work; and certainly, if a slang expression may be pardoned, they had their work cut out for them, as they had to examine all the streets of which the names began with any one of seven letters. Perseverance and liberal expenditure brought about, however, the desired result. Blanqui was sought in vain under the letter B, under the letter L, under the letter A, but was discovered under the letter N. After a month's hunt he was found in a house in the Rue des Nonandières, and the great detective triumphed over the great conspirator. It is unnecessary to point out the absurdity of this ridiculous narrative. If true, it would mean that Blanqui's friend and co-conspirator was unable to remember his chief's name. He had to carry about with him a paper, which was certain to compromise him if he was seized, for fear he should forget that this chief was one Blanqui. At the same time, he had to remember, unless he kept a directory constantly at hand, all the streets in Paris the names of which began with any one of seven letters. Most readers will find it difficult to understand how such nonsense can have been deliberately published.

This remarkable story is followed by a variety of others, some of which may very possibly be true, and by a horrible account of the last days of M. Claude's friend and protector, the Sénateur de L. so often mentioned in the two preceding volumes. After this ghastly narrative comes a cheerful one, which seems at first sight to bear the stamp of truth, for in it the famed *chef de la sûreté* frankly tells how he himself was egregiously taken in by two arch swindlers at the Paris Exhibition of 1867. He was, he says, walking about the galleries of the huge building on the look-out for the knaves whom it was his duty to hunt down, when he was accosted by a large, red-bearded man who tranquilly announced himself as being Clarscovitch, *chef de police anglaise*, and said that he had been sent to look after the English "picks-pockets" who were infesting the Exhibition. M. Claude, unsuspecting for the moment, was easily led to believe the statement, and was delighted to meet the English detective who, he thought, would help him to lay hands on an English thief who had recently committed a serious robbery. An urbane conversation took place between the two guardians of society, and M. Clarscovitch insisted on M. Claude's breakfasting with him forth-

with. The Frenchman politely acceded, and went with his companion to the well-known English restaurant which was attached to the Exhibition, and there Clarscovitch pointed out the prettiest of the barmaids serving behind the counter, and said that she was a clever criminal, and was probably the person who had committed the theft. The girl, asked to join them, came, chatted pleasantly, and explained with agreeable frankness that she was no better than she should be, and that she had been in prison. M. Claude drank some champagne, and noticed that at one time the lovely but abandoned barmaid kept closer to him than was absolutely necessary. Leaving them after a time, and politely saying "Good evening, sir; bonsoir, monsieur"—which was a remarkable salutation, seeing that they had only just finished breakfast—she returned apparently to her work at the bar. Shortly afterwards the Englishman disappeared on a sudden pretext, and before quitting the restaurant M. Claude noticed that the fair barmaid also had gone. He remained, however, unsuspecting until he had occasion for his purse, and then he discovered that his pocket had been picked, and came, not very quickly, to the tolerably obvious conclusion that he, the great *chef de la sûreté*, had been the easy victim of two adroit thieves.

Now at first sight this story might seem to be substantially true—apart from the oddity of the remarkably un-English name—for, when a man describes his own defeat, he is usually speaking the truth. A little consideration, however, will show that it is no more worthy of belief than the tale about Blanqui's anagram. Every Frenchman who holds an office is more or less of a bureaucrat, and it is improbable in the extreme that the man at the head of the *police de sûreté* would at once accept the mere statement of an utter stranger that he was one of the chiefs of the English police, despatched to Paris by the English Government. A representative of the *préfecture de police*, accosted in this manner, would, we venture to say, inevitably have asked the other why he did not present himself in the regular manner, and would have demanded some official guarantee for the truth of his statement. He would have laughed at the production of a card. It is well known that swindlers are invariably ready with cards. Then the story alleges that one of the girls who served at the English restaurant of the Exhibition of 1867, was a notorious thief, and that she suddenly disappeared with her accomplice; and near the end of the volume M. Claude describes how, after they had committed a series of thefts together, this accomplice, who had already committed one murder, poisoned her. If such things had ever happened, they must have been known, and there can be small doubt that the tale of the robbery at the Exhibition and of the subsequent career of the two thieves, is entirely fictitious. Equally unworthy of belief are the statements repeatedly made in this volume, that thieves habitually keep articles of value, which they have stolen, in the safes of the "Safe Deposit Company." Certain of the stories told may be true, or may rest on a basis of truth, but the samples we have given show what nonsense has been inserted, and necessarily throw great doubt on the whole of the third volume. Possibly, as we have said, it is nothing but a result of the process known as bookmaking, and a narrative has been greatly expanded and added to, in order that a fourth volume may be produced. For this, perhaps, something that is really interesting and really trustworthy has been reserved.

BOULGER'S HISTORY OF CHINA.*

THE history of China, like that of most Oriental States, begins in the cloudland of mythology, with Emperors possessing the attributes of gods and the physical features of monsters, who governed their subjects with superhuman wisdom, and lived to preternatural ages. When in after-times it introduces us to sovereigns of mortal mould it causes to pass before us a succession of monarchs, good, bad, and indifferent—their courts, their councillors, their imperial acts, their campaigns, their victories, sometimes their defeats, and their deaths. It is a spectacle of courts and camps. The actors on the stage are in full dress, and leave little room for the people, who for the most part are kept behind the scenes. The reigns and careers of the rulers are pictured in full detail, but the facts which govern their fates are considered unworthy to be brought into the category of living and interesting life-history. Thus there is necessarily lacking in the Chinese annals that living record of the nation which adds so much to the interest attaching to the modern history of European States.

As historical compilations, the *Dynastic Annals of China* are monuments of patient industry. Each dynasty as it has succeeded to power has published the records of the reigns during the preceding period, and to them have been added detailed accounts of the system of government, the ceremonies, punishments, sacrificial rites which prevailed—together with notices of the astronomical observations, the geography, the literature, the celebrated officials, the neighbouring States, &c., which belonged to the same time. By a careful comparison of these various parts a faithful picture might be pieced together of the history of the age; but no one who has ever dipped into the *Dynastic Annals* would be bold enough to dream of being able to make himself completely master of more than one or two out of the twenty-four in

* *History of China*. By Demetrius Charles Boulger. Vol. I. London: W. H. Allen & Co. 1881.

the course of a long life, and therefore any one undertaking to write a history of China from Chinese sources must of necessity confine himself to the records of the reigns of the Emperors, even if he does not betake himself to Ch'u Hi's celebrated epitome of the history of China. This last was the text chosen by De Mailly upon which to found his *Histoire générale de la Chine*, which in its turn has served as a basis for Mr. Boulger's portly volume. We confess that we opened Mr. Boulger's work with some misgiving. The idea of having to wade through an epitome of De Mailly's translation was not encouraging, and we sat down to our task prepared for the worst. But, fortunately for us and for all other students of Mr. Boulger's History, the anticipated successions of dynasties, reigns of Emperors, and courtly acts are evidently in his eyes no mere dry bones of history, but are clothed in mortal form and are gifted with life. He has taken up the study with enthusiasm, and has imbued himself so thoroughly with the national instincts and proclivities that he has succeeded in infusing interest into that which in other hands would have been a monotonous record of facts, and has produced a work which is not only valuable as a book of reference for students, but which, by his manner of treatment and the lucidity of his style of writing, is likely to attract the attention of many to whom the history of China has been as little known as that of the Kings of Dahomey or the Khans of Bokhara.

But, from the nature of the source from which Mr. Boulger has gathered his information, he has been obliged to keep within the bounds set by the Chinese annalists. Like them, he begins with a semi-mythical account of the Emperors Fuh-hi, Shin-nung, and Hwang-ti, and he accepts the inferred belief that the Chinese were the aboriginal inhabitants of China. To this modern research takes exception. A number of ethnological and linguistic facts point to their having left a home in the south of the Caspian Sea, where they had been brought under the influence of Accadian culture. From this resting-place they moved eastward about the twenty-fifth century B.C., probably in consequence of the invasion of Susiana by some possibly Turanian tribe; and finally struck the northern bend of the Yellow River, the course of which they followed until they reached the fertile plains of Shensi. Such an emigration is not unusual in Asia. History tells us that the Ottoman Turks had their original home in Northern Mongolia, and we know that at the end of the last century a body of six hundred thousand Kalmyks migrated from Russia to the confines of China.

It is important also to bear in mind that the Chinese immigrants found the country in possession of a number of Taic tribes, such as the Kwei, Lung, Pung, and Li, all of whom possessed a certain amount of culture. With these tribes they contended for dominion, and by force of a superior civilization gained the mastery over them. The relations thus established produced effects which have left their mark on the history of the nation through all time. In the language at the present day, as well as in the traditions and customs now existing, are reflected traces of this intermingling of races more than four thousand years ago. The admixture of Taic blood was also of paramount importance to the Chinese, and the fact has been too much overlooked that the Chinese owe much of their endurance as a nation, and of their superiority in mental and bodily physique, to the constant introduction of new blood into the national life. During the first centuries of their residence in China they were surrounded, as we have seen, by Taic races, and later on at the close of the Chow dynasty there rose to power the Prince of Ts'in, who occupied the Empire with his subjects, in whose veins ran blood which owed its origin as much, or nearly as much, to the Altai races which bordered on the modern province of Kansuh as to the original Chinese stock. Mr. Boulger's work affords evidence of the existence also at this time of a purely foreign element in the Empire which had assumed such importance that an edict was issued for its elimination. Fortunately, the edict was recalled before it became law, and the foreigners were amalgamated with the Chinese. In the same way Mr. Boulger tells us of repeated invasions of the Huns, the Yucti, the Sien-pi, and other northern tribes, who recognized no frontier between their own territories and those of China, but kept up a successive interchange of friendly and warlike relations with their southern neighbours. On the southern and western frontiers a like intercourse existed between the Chinese and the bordering aboriginal tribes, so that on all sides there was a constant influx of foreign blood into the Empire.

In the beginning of the tenth century of our era the K'itan Tatars possessed themselves of the northern portion of the Empire, and thus for the first time in Chinese history a confessedly foreign dynasty was established within the limits of China. After two centuries of sovereignty the K'itans had to submit, at the hands of the Nü-chén Tatars, to the same fate that they had inflicted on the subjects of the T'ang dynasty, and in like manner the Nü-chén were compelled to yield in the beginning of the thirteenth century to the overwhelming forces of Jenghiz Khan and his successors. At the fall of the Yuen dynasty (1368) the throne once again reverted to the original line, and for nearly three centuries a succession of Chinese sovereigns ruled over their ancient inheritance. But once again a foreign yoke was destined to be imposed on the patient necks of the "sons of Han," and in 1644 the Empire again fell into the hands of Manchoo conquerors, whose sway is still paramount from Siberia to Annam, and from the China Sea to the frontiers of India.

But through all these changes there runs an unbroken historical continuity, which, however, is not so much apparent in Mr. Boul-

ger's phase of Chinese history as in the life of the nation. In the work before us we hear nothing, for example, of the seal form of writing invented in the eighth century B.C. by She Chow, which exercised such a powerful influence in maintaining the connexion between the several States into which the country was divided during the Chow dynasty, and which contributed so largely to confine the effects of the transfer of power from the Chows to the Ts'ins to a change of rulers; nor of that intermingling of races of which we have already spoken, which so effectually mitigated the violence of that and of all subsequent changes. And it is noticeable that not only was this intermingling of races beyond the frontier partly due to these changes, but the success which attended the later invasions of the Empire by the border tribes was directly traceable to them, since at the close of each revolutionary period the leaders of the defeated faction sought refuge from their victors either among the tents of the northern peoples or in the huts of their southern neighbours. The *élite* of the Empire were thus repeatedly driven into exile, from which their descendants returned to fight the battles of their fathers over again. In the same way we hear little of the influence exercised by the teachings of Confucius, Laou-tsze, and Mencius on the destinies of the nation. All these subjects are beyond the scope of Mr. Boulger's work, in which we are required, by the necessities of the case, to look from a particular point of view on a particular branch of Chinese history.

But, as this branch of the history extends over a period of 2,500 years, and as Mr. Boulger has instinctively seized on the leading facts relating to it, his work naturally contains much which is pregnant with useful lessons for this and for all ages. One point which stands prominently out in the narrative is the indomitable perseverance with which the Chinese follow up any undertaking, whether of peace or of war, when once they have put their hands to the plough. Whether we turn our eyes to the Great Wall, which stretches alike over mountain-tops, and plains, and valleys, along the entire length of the northern frontier of the Empire; or whether we follow the fortunes of Ch'ang Keen and his companions, who, in the second century B.C., marched across Asia in search of the wandering Yucti; or of General Panchow, who, three centuries later, led an army to the shores of the Caspian Sea; or whether we follow in the track of the armies which at different times invaded Tibet, Corea, Annam, and Burmah, we are met at every turn by evidence of the same steady, plodding fixity of purpose which has been so conspicuously displayed in the recent campaigns against the Panthays in Yunnan and Yakub Khan in Kashgaria. The fact that such a characteristic is the birthright of a nation of three hundred millions suggests at once the possibility that it may become at some future period a lever by which China may move the world. But this can never happen as long as Chinese warriors wear petticoats, or as long as mandarins emulate the example of the Russian Admiral who cheated his Imperial master into the belief that the wooden turrets of the iron-clad *Peter the Great* were solid iron, by substituting gilded pieces of bamboo for the brass "sights" of their new Krupp guns.

Mr. Boulger's present volume takes us down to the close of the Yuen Dynasty, which was founded by the genius of Jenghiz Khan, and we are promised the second volume before the end of the year. His object, he tells us, in undertaking this task, was to popularize the little-understood history of China. In this object he deserves to succeed, for he has presented the long succession of reigns, the constant wars, and the repeated changes of dynasties in a more readable form than they have ever assumed before. Gützlaff's history approaches it nearest, but it falls short of it in general interest. The difference between a literary labour of love undertaken by a writer of imagination, and a work which appears to bear the marks of what the Chinese call "ploughing with the pen," represents the relative merits of these two works. We are by no means inclined to agree with Mr. Boulger's estimates of all the characters he describes, or with his opinion of the importance or non-importance of all the events he chronicles. But nevertheless he has fairly reflected in his pages an epitome of the Imperial annals of the Empire, and has succeeded in bringing dry records, full of difficult and unfamiliar names, into the realms of living history, and in making characters which from the strangeness of their surroundings are apt to be regarded as lay figures stand out from his canvas as real personages.

THE TREASURY OF MODERN ANECDOTE.*

MR. DAVENPORT ADAMS is once more at his old trick of borrowing and blundering. He boasts as to his latest production that his "collection of anecdotes differs from its predecessors in several particulars. To begin with, it is strictly a treasury of modern anecdote. . . . For the most part the anecdotes in this collection are emphatically modern—modern in so far that they are drawn from modern sources. . . . We have drawn particularly," he says on another page, "upon such books as Gronow's *Reminiscences*, Greville's *Diary*, Crabb Robinson's *Diary*, and, to come further down, J. C. Young's *Diary*, and J. R. Planché's

* *The Treasury of Modern Anecdote; being a Selection from the Witty and Humorous Sayings of the last Hundred Years.* Edited, with Notes and Introduction, by W. Davenport Adams, Author of the "Dictionary of English Literature," &c. Edinburgh: The Edinburgh Publishing Company. London: Simpkin, Marshall, & Co. 1881.

Recollections." When we turn to the index we find such entries as the following:—"Rogers, Samuel, his *Table Talk*, quoted *passim*"; "Gronow, Captain, his *Diary*, quoted *passim*"; "Robinson, Crabb, his *Diary*, quoted *passim*."

The compiler, or appropriator, or conveyer, or—to give him the title which he gives to himself—the editor of these extracts believes that the public is tired of the old stories that generally do duty in such a collection, and is ready to welcome this Treasury. "It will be acknowledged," he says, "that for whiling away a dull afternoon or a spare half-hour, few things more suitable could be devised than a book of anecdotes. It would seem that a photograph album is sometimes made to do duty on such occasions; but the superiority of a book of anecdotes will readily be allowed." So far Mr. Adams is certainly modest enough. We will not argue the point, but will readily allow that there is at least one of his compilations which is less dull than a photograph album. But he goes further than this. A wholly new and good anecdote is, he assures us, "welcomed as a 'thing of beauty,' and mentally recorded as a 'joy for ever.'" Now, his anecdotes must be taken as both good and wholly new; for do they not, as he himself maintains, contain the cream of spoken wit and humour, and are they not "emphatically modern"? Let us turn, then, to an example of a "thing of beauty" and a "joy for ever":—

A story has been told (says Lord Wm. Lennox) of a noble lord, still flourishing (1876), who upon saying to a keeper, "I suppose you've scarcely ever met with a worse shot than I am?" "Oh yes, my lord," responded the other, "I've met with many a worse, for you misses them so cleanly."

Does the reader welcome this poor story as a "thing of beauty," and does he record it as a "joy for ever"?

But Mr. Adams's collection has, besides its newness, another great quality. What people want, he says, is, that anecdotes should be authentic. "That is the whole secret of the value and usefulness of anecdotes, that they should be, as far as possible, genuine and traceable. If they are not, they are useless. They may excite a careless or an ignorant laugh, but that is all. . . . It is on this principle that the present collection has been compiled, and it is hoped that it will, on this account, appeal powerfully to the taste and judgment of the true *connaisseur* of anecdote." Certainly Mr. Adams has traced to what he calls a genuine source the anecdote we have just quoted. We have no reason to doubt Lord William Lennox's statement that in 1876 the noble lord was still flourishing to whom the game-keeper thus responded. But for all that the anecdote seems almost as stupid as Mr. Adams's preface and introduction. His writings, as we have, we believe, pointed out before, certainly have one great advantage. For a time they amuse his readers by leading them to try to track him through all the windings of his blundering. Thus in the introduction we read that "the sayings of academic humorists have an obviously academic tinge; the epigrams of a Parr, a Porson, and a Davidson are the evident product of the scholarly life." Who is Davidson? we began to think. We could make nothing of him, nor did Mr. Adams's index help us at all; for though he boasts of its fulness, yet the name of this academic humourist is not given. At last, by a happy conjecture, we hit on an emendation of the evidently corrupt text that was not unworthy of Porson himself. For Davidson read Donaldson. Of that scholar more than one anecdote is recorded. Still more wonderful are the blunders into which Mr. Adams falls when he recounts two sayings of Sir John Maynard. They are given together, but, unfortunately for our compiler, one comes at the bottom of a page, and the other at the top of the next. On the first page he had given Maynard's name quite rightly, but in a footnote to the second anecdote he calls him "Sir John Maywood." To add to the confusion, in the index the old lawyer becomes Lord Chancellor Maynard. It is hard, by the way, to see why these two anecdotes are given in a collection whose boast it is that it is emphatically modern. One of them certainly is found in Burnet's *History of his own Times*, while Maynard was born in Queen Elizabeth's reign. But to pass on. Our readers may remember that Mr. Adams, in a late work, in which he ventured to speak with an air of authority of Swift, showed himself so ignorant as to confuse the Earl of Orford with the Earl of Oxford. We pointed out his blunder, but pointed it out in vain. In the book before us he again calls Horace Walpole, Earl of Oxford. At the same time, whether from mere carelessness or not, he sadly mangles one of Walpole's stories. He thus gives it:—

Grossatesca, the Modenese minister, a very low fellow, with all the jack-pudding-head of an Italian, asked, "Mais qui est ce qui représente mon maître?" Wall replied, "Mais, l'abbé, ne savez vous pas que ce n'est pas un opéra bouffe?"

Walpole, by the way, did not write "jackpudding-head," but "jackpuddinghood." That error, however, is of but small moment. It is in Wall's reply that Mr. Adams makes his real blunder. *Boufou*—or *boufou*, as it ought more properly to be written—has become in his version *boufou*, and after the word *Mais* has been struck out, *Mon Dieu*. Mr. Adams, we remember, occasionally works for the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge. He may have thought that *Mon Dieu* was too profane for quotation. In like manner in reporting Thurlow's famous answer to a deputation of Dissenters, he makes the Chancellor say to them, "If you can get your religion established, I'll be for that too." Every one knows the anecdote, and will at once notice the omission of the strong term which his Lordship applied to the petitioners' religion. This squeamishness on Mr. Adams's part is a little hard to under-

stand, as he reports the beginning of the answer correctly enough, and has no hesitation in making Thurlow say, "Gentlemen, I'm against you, by G—d. I am for the Established Church, d—mme." However, he does not treat Lord Thurlow worse than by weakening the force of his language. Other Lord Chancellors do not fare so well at his hands. Lord Eldon, for instance, he says, was born in 1781. Later on he mentions the well-known saying of Horne Tooke at the time of his trial for high treason. The Attorney-General, he says, was "Scott, Lord Eldon." He certainly should have said Scott, or Sir John Scott, afterwards Lord Eldon. But to pass this by. If Lord Eldon was born in 1781, he was but thirteen years old when he was Attorney-General. In that case the wonder is, not that he had so small a patrimony to leave to his children, but that he had any children to whom to leave anything at all. In another passage we find a story told of Lords Eldon and Leach. Lord Leach is no doubt Sir John Leach. On one page a note to Erskine's name tells us that he was "the orator and wit." On another page a second note tells us that he was Lord Chancellor, Kenyon is simply described as "the judge." Bishop Bloomfield three times becomes Bishop Bloomfield, and Bishop Pretyman becomes Bishop Prettyman. The birth of Lord Castlereagh is placed in 1796, so that he was not yet six years old when he became President of the Board of Control. If his life is cut short at one end, Coleridge's is shortened at the other. His death is placed by Mr. Adams in 1824. Has he never read those fine lines of Wordsworth's:—

How fast has brother followed brother,
From sunshine to the sunless land!

Does he not remember how the poet mourns over Crabbe, Scott, Coleridge, Lamb, and Mrs. Hemans, who had all died within a space of only a few months over three years? But what, after all, are errors in dates compared with the blunder into which he falls when he assigns the line, "Thou great first cause, least understood," to Milton? Author as he is of a Dictionary of English Literature, does he not know Pope's style, and has he never read his "Universal Prayer"? After this even his Latin and Greek, peculiar though they are, scarcely raise our astonishment. Yet we cannot pass them over in silence. He quotes Porson's doggerel lines which begin "Poetic nos letamur tribus." For *nos* he prints *non*. Two pages earlier we have the following specimen of his Latinity:—

Grates aqimus (*sic*) fatis,
Habimus (*sic*) satis.

His Greek, as we might expect, is even worse. Τέ θύγη Φίλιππος he gives as the Greek for "Is Philip dead?" His French is scarcely better than his Greek. Thus we find Comédie, Un Héro, Pitié, and nous seriez.

Perhaps the most ridiculous part of the book is to be found in two of the anecdotes which Mr. Adams quotes from Mr. Trevelyan's Life of Lord Macaulay. Every one will remember how Macaulay, when he was about four years old, was scalded by some hot coffee; and how, when asked how he felt, replied, "Thank you, madam, the agony is abated." This anecdote, interesting enough in its proper place, is given by Mr. Adams as an instance of either a witty or a humorous saying. By the way, in copying it down he manages again to fall into his old blunders and writes of the Oxford (*sic*) Collection at Strawberry Hill. On another occasion, Macaulay, in his childhood, said to his mother, "Yes, mamma, industry shall be my bread, and attention my butter." This surely is inserted here by mistake. It has got into its wrong pigeon-hole. It has nothing to do with wit or humour, but should appear in The Collection of the Priggish Sayings of Great Men in their Childhood. If Mr. Adams has not thought of this publication, we at once place the suggestion at his full disposal, so that he may not be tempted to any further acts of borrowing. It would make a most worthy addition to his already voluminous compilations.

BUSH LIFE IN QUEENSLAND.*

THERE are two ways of giving to the world experiences gained in strange and colonial life. One is for the pioneer of civilization to sit down and write an unvarnished account of the means he took to "squat" in Australia or to buy and stock a farm in Auckland; the other is to weave a good many real incidents into a story with fictitious names, a love plot or two, and the usual incidents of a modern novel. Mr. Grant has adopted the latter method, and introduces us to a hero, John West, the son of a struggling curate, who had been induced by the glowing descriptions of Mr. Cosgrove, an old schoolfellow, to embark his savings of 1,500*l.* in the purchase of a sheep and cattle farm in Queensland. John West sails for Sydney and then goes north or up-country to Mr. Cosgrove's station of Cambaranga. Here he goes through a variety of incidents; is cheated by his patron; starts a farm on his own account; is initiated into the mysteries of driving herds of half-wild cattle; rides buck-jumping horses; struggles against climate, losses, and adverse fortune; lights at last on gold-mine; falls in love and finally marries Ruth, the stepdaughter of Mr. Cosgrove. There are one or two other love passages in these volumes. Mr. Stone marries Bessie Gray, and Mr. Fitzgerald is rejected by Ruth in favour of John

* *Bush Life in Queensland; or, John West's Colonial Experiences.* By A. C. Grant. 2 vols. London and Edinburgh: Blackwood & Sons. 1881.

West, and finally marries Mrs. Stone's sister Phoebe. Inevitably, too, in a tale of life in the Bush, there must be a villain, appropriately named Cane, who thinks nothing of shooting half a dozen natives on a prospecting trip, and who, in endeavouring to rob an Englishman named McDuff, ends by shooting him in order to avoid detection. In the original plan of robbery he has for an accomplice Ralf Cosgrove, the half-brother of Ruth—a miserable, scampish, good-for-nothing colonial waif. In the end this worthy couple are not tracked by the police and tried by a judge and jury at Brisbane, but are killed by the aborigines—that is to say, the Myalls or natives spear Bill Cane the murderer of McDuff, and wound the wretched Ralf who dies of fright and exhaustion in the arms of John West. There is nothing in all this which proves any art in the construction of a plot or the delineation of character, though we concede to Mr. Grant no inconsiderable powers of description. But the pictures and episodes of Bush life are really striking and graphically told. There is very little, we should say, taken at second-hand. Some of the descriptions of scenery are admirable; the details of camping out, tracking errant cattle, running up log huts, searching for gold, evading or watching natives, washing sheep, crossing swamps and rivers, are lifelike and unlaboured, and the language is never stilted. We can scarcely doubt that most of the episodes can be vouched for or capped by settlers in the most tropical of our Australian colonies.

We remark that these volumes bristle with almost as many odd terms as an Anglo-Indian Blue-book about *putni Talooks* or *puttidari* tenures. And we have specimens of pigeon-English put into the mouths of black boys, which are hardly intelligible with the footnotes. We subjoin a few specimens, freely admitting that some expressions are beyond our power. A *Corroboree* we have already heard of in other Australian publications. It is a meeting of the tribes to dance and sing to some air composed by a gifted creature who is suspected of magical art and is *en rapport* with the Spirit of evil. A *Boodgerree* is apparently the native term for a good fellow, and sounds suspiciously like a corruption of the Hindustani *balut acha*, or very good. By a *Cuebawn humpy* is signified a fine one-storied house, with an iron roof and a broad verandah, a residence not often met with in the diggings. A scrubber is not, as might be imagined, a servant of all work, receiving exorbitant wages, but a cow or bullock that has taken to the scrub or bush and has relapsed into savage nature. A calf is said to be "scruffed" when it is caught by the hand, the expression, we presume, being taken from the scruff of the neck. Tailing cattle means to herd or look after them. *Yabber* is Queenslandish for talk, and *bail* for not, or no; *bong* means dead. A Jack Shay is a tin pot used for boiling water for tea, and so contrived as to hold within it another pot of about half its size. A "crush lane" can be guessed at from the context, which shows that it is a long passage, into which a single bullock or a single horse is admitted. But what are we to understand by the intimation that at the end of this "crush lane" there is "a bail for spaying"? As far as we can make out, it must be a sort of *impasse*, in which cruppers and scurcings and head-stalls are fastened on refractory colts. Similarly we can understand that a grey horse that moves stiffly, humps its back, holds its tail close to the body, and is believed by highly competent judges to be sure "to buck docker," must be a singularly unpleasant animal to lead or mount. We can conceive none better fitted for the talent of the late Mr. Rarey. In one passage we notice what appears to us a curious error in the points of the compass. An exploring party leaves Brisbane to survey an unknown part of the interior. From some ridges they get to a salt-water creek, and, as we read the narrative, then run down the coast. Here they manage to see the "setting sun, amid a blaze of gold and purple, dipped beneath the waters of the Pacific." How this extraordinary sight could be witnessed from any part of Queensland or its coast can only be explained by the sun rising in the west and setting in the east, as any one may see by a glance at a map. It is curious that a very similar error is to be found in one of Scott's very best novels. The late Colonel Mure, in his *History of Greek Literature*, while explaining away the irreligious and Wolfian theory about the *Iliad* and *Odyssey*, showed that more remarkable discrepancies than any in Homer were to be found in writers of a more civilized age, who were provided with many more mechanical aids to correct composition—Dante, Virgil, and Scott—to say nothing of Shakespeare. Now, in *The Antiquary*, in the celebrated scene at the Halket Head, where Sir Arthur Wardour, his daughter, and Edie Ochiltree, are hemmed in by the tide, the setting sun is represented as showing his fiery disc above the waters of the German Ocean. Either, then, argued Colonel Mure, in Scott's cosmogony the sun sets in the east and rises somewhere else, or else that famous chapter is an interpolation by a different hand, as so many of Homer's episodes are said to be by some destructive critics.

This is an odd slip for a writer who, as we have said, has a keen eye for natural beauty. The picturesqueness of Queensland lies in its runs and ridges and upland pastures. The author does not write of the aborigines in the contemptuous terms not uncommon with settlers; but his picture of the blacks is not inviting. They emit an odour positively repulsive. Even the cattle dislike it, and sometimes "stampede" when they come across the recent track of a party of pungent aborigines. By sleeping under the skins of opossums and thick blankets, and by living in the close atmosphere of a hut of bark, these tribes lose hair and youth, and their dogs share the same fate and become bear-eyed and hairless. Besides the well-known boomerang, these savages use other weapons, *nullah-nullahs*, *paddy-melon sticks*, and *heclimen* or shields. They consume

tobacco largely if they can beg or steal it, and live on wallabies' opossums, and kangaroos. They are also quick at discovering a "sugar bag" in the woods—in plain English, a comb of wild-honey. Game is, however, not one of the attractions of Queensland. The dingoes or wild-dogs are great nuisances, and prove most destructive to sheep. We are not surprised to hear that they are knocked on the head summarily, like the prowling fox in St. John's speech about Stratford or in Scott's poetry, and are destroyed by poison on a large scale, to which end every shepherd is furnished with a bottle of strichnine, and poisons the carcasses of the dead animals he finds in the Bush. Where population is scanty and the runs are large this practice may be necessary and not prejudicial to valuable life, but it has its obvious dangers. Some idea of a big sheep run may be found from the following figures. Sixty thousand sheep and a few hundred head of cattle, with plenty of horses, can be maintained on a tract of eleven hundred square miles. Of course we hear of difficulties with the "free selectors," who pick out any bit they fancy on the big run, steal the rich man's stock, compel him to buy them out, and behave very much as Irish tenants would do in similar circumstances. A couple of shepherds can look after eighteen hundred or two thousand sheep. They live in a hut with no neighbours nearer than ten or fifteen miles. Food is sent out to them once a week, and once a year they bring in their flocks to be washed and shorn, after which operation they receive their wages, and speedily consume them in drinking some horrible liquor at the first public-house on their road. There is an excellent description of the process of washing and shearing the sheep. The washers are hired for the time, and are known by the expressive appellation of "Knock-about men." They earn five shillings a day and their food. The shearers, as a rule, are of a higher class; some are young settlers anxious for a job. The sheep are dipped, rubbed, squeezed, and shorn, and the wool is then pressed and packed ready for exportation. Washers and shearers have their meals prepared by a cook who must be a man of strong build and resolution, capable at a crisis of quelling any unreasonable discontent at the quality of the tea, the damper or dough, and the boiled beef that make up the staple of Australian fare.

Equally characteristic is the capturing of stray cattle. The "scrubbers" or their descendants are bad neighbours to the tame herds. They induce desertion and often appear to belong to nobody. But they may occasionally command a price in the market, and, at any rate, their capture is desirable or imperative. As they persist in hiding in the scrub except at night, it is no easy matter to circumvent them. But with riders and horses thoroughly trained to their work, the wild herd is intercepted, and driven into the midst of a lot of "couchers" or domestic cattle, after which they seem to lose all spirit and submit to their fate. The "scrubbers" are also termed "clean skins" to distinguish them from the branded and tame animal; and the chapter on impressing, pounding, classifying, and marking the herds is one of the best in the book. Horses, like bullocks, take to the jungles occasionally, and we have an incidental notice of a certain yellow stallion that escaped, was recaptured, and got away again owing to the over-confidence of a stockman. This fine animal, like his prototype in Virgil, in *pastus armentaque tendit equarum*, and was afterwards seen by a forlorn shepherd "attended by a harem of mares as wild and untamable as himself."

The heat and dryness of Queensland are mitigated by something like a rainy season. John West, when sent to count the sheep in a distant station, gets lost in a swamp, spends the night shivering under a tree, and would never have been heard of again but for a friendly black, who catches and cooks an opossum, not to be despised when neither beef nor damper are available. A start for a new country, six hundred miles away in the interior, gives an opportunity for the display of many practical hints about driving herds. The march does not average more than nine miles a day. The cattle, accustomed on the old runs to feed at night, must now learn to feed on dry herbage by day and to sleep during the darkness. Very often they are seized by unaccountable panics, and make a rush into space or back to their original run. Fires must then be kept up all night, and the horsemen have to watch in turns to coerce and confine the herd within the ring of fire. This sort of thing lasts for days; pasture is deficient, water scarce; the explorers live on salted beef and damper, washed down with "pannkins of steaming tea." To add to their troubles, they are drenched by thunderstorms, and some of the cows provokingly calve. It is sad to be told that the young calves have to be killed, as they cannot keep up with their mothers. Here an ingenious artifice is tried. The cows will not follow their companions, but go back to their dead offspring. To obviate this, the calf is skinned and stuffed, and each mother recognizes its particular hide, which is strapped on the saddle of some stockman during the day and put under a tree at night. This is a less painful incident than the attack by an aboriginal tribe on an outlying log hut during the absence of the master. The shepherds are slaughtered, and the young wife saves herself by barricading her house and using a revolver. The offending party is pursued by mounted police, composed of half-civilized blacks, who seem to take a positive delight in slaughtering their own countrymen. We are glad to learn that the retribution was not excessive, and that there is no ferocious joy over a hecatomb of creatures armed with boomerangs and spears against the unerring rifles of the escort.

A work of this kind would have been incomplete without some picture of the diggings. John West and a companion, as we have said, are lucky enough to find an "auriferous deposit" in a creek,

and this is afterwards doubled by heaps of quartz discovered under the nest of a bower-bird. Here they pursue their lucrative toil for some weeks, until they are disturbed by natives and by the intrusion of the murderer Cane, who is not equal to a personal encounter in the daylight with two determined and well-armed gold-seekers. But this is a very different scene from the settlement of a number of miners which has speedily assumed the proportions of a town. And here, of course, we have the huts hastily constructed of saplings and bark, with here and there a roof of zinc; the forges of blacksmiths and the butchers' shops, the general stores, the low taverns with high-sounding names, the profusion of articles that find the readiest sale, from blankets and shovels to potted meats and pickles, the drunkenness and the oaths, the industrious Chinaman, the fraudulent innkeeper, and the various specimens of the mining population racked with fever, soured by disappointment, surfeited with success. The lesson intended is that this venture is one where the prizes are few and the blanks are many. But this whole picture of colonial life may be read without skipping, and we are mistaken if it will not repay perusal much more than nine-tenths of the novels and stories poured out by a mob of authors who delude themselves into the belief that they are able to amuse and instruct society.

COLLEGE PLATE.*

MR. CRIPPS has done good service to his country by his books on old silver. We see already signs of that improvement which he has so urgently and persistently advocated. True, the alleged grievances of the silversmiths have hardly been alleviated, but we no longer hear them put forward as excuses for poor designs and bad workmanship. The improvement is partly due to the progress of public taste, which will no longer tolerate the abominations of Bond Street in racing cups and rowing prizes. And this improvement in public taste is more owing to the efforts of Mr. Cripps than might at first sight have been imagined. His first work, published in 1878, was speedily made use of by compilers at second hand, and formed the basis of a large number of books on silver plate, marks, monograms, and patterns. Thus some knowledge of the subject was disseminated among buyers, and the manufacturer soon found that "cups" must, in order to please the public, have some merit beyond that of merely weighing so much. For many years the date marks had been literally a dead letter to all but an initiated minority. Mr. Cripps made them public property; and people who had pieces of old silver-work began to inquire into their history, and to set a value on them for their age. Mr. Cripps's book which contained the French marks was not so popularly written as his previous work, but it became even more of a prey to the compilers, with, of course, a similar result; and we have before us in the present volume a new proof of the general interest in the whole subject. The South Kensington authorities have laid in a stock of "reproductions" from celebrated English collections, and have engaged the services of Mr. Cripps to expound them. They have employed Messrs. Elkington to make casts of the most remarkable examples belonging to the various Colleges and Corporations of England and Ireland, and are thus "enabled to offer, for the instruction of the public, a remarkable series of facsimiles of the best remaining works of the gold and silversmiths of this country." The little book—it only extends to 155 pages—is full of very satisfactory illustrations, and will give great assistance, not only to the collector, but also to the designer and manufacturer; and it may, we trust, have a considerable influence on the silver-work of the immediate future.

Although the Goldsmiths' Company was incorporated by letters patent from Edward III. in 1327, there are but nine pieces of hall-marked plate known of an earlier date than 1500. The Wars of the Roses seem to have brought about the destruction of all earlier treasures made of silver and gold. The fifteenth-century devastations in England appear in some respects to have been as great as those of the sixteenth; but it is possible that the seventeenth wrought more harm to gold and silver work than either. The Regalia, for instance, must have contained many pieces of the highest antiquity before the time of Charles I. When the college plate was melted down or coined into money in the great Civil war, the oldest and most "gothique" pieces were probably selected for destruction first. College authorities have always been remarkable for their hatred of ancient art, and it is only in our own day that they have destroyed the oldest buildings at Cambridge. Mr. Cripps overstates his case, therefore, when he accounts for the rarity of fourteenth-century plate by the Wars of the Roses. There was probably little produced during those troublous times, though building went on prosperously, and some of the finest works of architecture in the kingdom were designed and carried out by Richard II. and Henry VI. It is incredible that vessels of gold and silver were not provided for the banquets of Westminster Hall, or the services of Eton or King's College Chapels. There are in all some fifteen or twenty pieces of plate of the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries preserved among the Colleges of Oxford and Cambridge and the civic guilds of London, "only two of them, and those about the least ancient, being marked in any way." Of the country corporations, one, that

of King's Lynn, in Norfolk, possesses what Mr. Cripps calls "the most ancient and most beautiful" of such treasures. It is an enamelled cup, said by tradition to have been presented by King John, but really dating about 1350. Whatever doubt there might be about the chasing of the silver is set at rest by the enamel, and Mr. Cripps finds in this cup another proof of the excellence of that branch of art in England in the fourteenth century. It has been usual to attribute many of the best examples to France; but even though the tomb of William de Valence at Westminster may be from Limoges, it is almost certain that equally good work was done as far back as the end of the thirteenth century in England. The Wassail Horn at Queen's College, Oxford, of which Mr. Cripps gives a beautiful cut, is partly of the time of Robert of Eglesfield, the founder in 1340, though the top, decorated with an eagle, is later. At New College the crozier or pastoral staff of William of Wykeham is still preserved, and dates from before 1404, when he died. Very little later is the "standing salt," borne on the head of a huntsman "or wild man," of silver gilt, which was, no doubt, part of the plate given to All Souls by Archbishop Chichele, who founded the college in 1437, and died in 1443. At the same college is a "mazer or bowl of maple wood, with a deep rim of silver gilt," which is probably part of the same bequest, and is undoubtedly English. A mazer at York Minster is of the early part of the fifteenth century, and others are at the Ironmongers' Hall in London, and at Pembroke College, Cambridge, the last-named being mounted on a silver foot of slightly later date. The Ironmongers' bowl is the earliest piece of plate among the treasures of the London Companies. The most ancient maces are probably those discovered in the tomb of James Kennedy, Bishop of St. Andrews, in the church of St. Salvator's College, which he had founded in 1456. One is supposed to be the original from which the others were made. It bears a Latin inscription in Gothic letters, recording its manufacture in Paris for Kennedy in 1461. Mr. Cripps describes a number of cups of cocoa-nut, some of which are preserved at New College, and some of ostrich eggs, but these, being more easily broken than coco-nut, are comparatively rare. The ostrich egg was supposed to be the eye of a griffin, and many examples are so enumerated in inventories. The Leigh cup, presented to the Mercers' Company about the end of the century, is the last example dating before 1500 which Mr. Cripps describes. It is still preserved in the hall of "the mistery" in Cheapside. It is of very elaborate workmanship, being sixteen inches high, and bearing evident traces of the Renaissance style, which soon after changed the fashion of all such objects—chalices and mazer bowls only excepted. They continued to be made in the old forms till a much later period. "In England Gothic ornamentation exclusively prevails up to the year 1500; and the line of demarcation is almost as marked as when one turning over the page opens unexpectedly upon a fresh chapter." In searching among the remains of English work of this period we do not find any pieces of the transition. This book contains two illustrations representing chalices—one belonging to Corpus Christi College, Oxford, dated 1507, and one to Trinity College, dated 1527, and both purely Gothic in form and decoration; but from the accession of Queen Elizabeth down to 1580, churchwardens' accounts are full of details of the exchange of such old-fashioned cups for new vessels of the shape required for the use of the laity. At visitations it was strictly asked whether the chalices had been melted up, and "decent communion cups" provided in their place.

The increasing wealth and luxury of the sixteenth century "told with especial effect upon the art and craft of the goldsmith." Five or six hundred, or even a thousand, pounds was the ordinary value, we are told, of the cupboard of plate to be found in the house of a knight or gentleman, or a wealthy merchant, about 1536. The guilds of goldsmiths were in full force, and the Assayer at Goldsmiths' Hall was constantly busy, and constantly, too, if we may believe contemporary accounts, was cordially hated for his zeal in condemning fraudulent work. In 1597 two London goldsmiths stood in the pillory at Westminster and at Cheapside, and lost their ears for offences of this kind. At Christ's College, Cambridge, are some of the earliest and most beautiful examples of the new style. One of these is described as a beaker, with cover, nine and a half inches high, of silver gilt, on a projecting base in the form of a Tudor rose, ornamented in *repoussé*, the top composed of six portcullises, with a finial formed of four Marguerites and a Tudor rose. Very beautiful also is the "Poison Cup" at Clare College, Cambridge. It belongs to the year 1570, or thereabouts, and is of glass covered with a network of filigree, set in bands of solid silver, and raised on three feet formed of cherubs' heads. The handle and cover, of silver, are beautifully chased. The cover is flat, set with a large pointed crystal.

The bulk of the book is, of course, taken up with much later and more ordinary works than these. The Ashmolean tankard dates from 1570, but looks as if it had been made in the eighteenth century, so strictly classical is it in design. The Founder's Cup at Emmanuel College, Cambridge, is usually attributed to Cellini; but, as Mr. Cripps remarks, it has been in England "from time immemorial," and looks "perhaps too late in style for the great master, who died in 1571." It is a model worthy of imitation, to judge by the very careful, but perhaps too small, illustration. The forms and workmanship exhibited by these examples continued in fashion through the succeeding centuries, and almost to our own time, and are found in countless cups, salt-cellars, tankards, and other vessels, the best specimens of which are enumerated and often figured by Mr. Cripps. Most of the family plate in use at the present day was made between the accession

* College and Corporation Plate. By Wilfred Joseph Cripps, M.A., F.S.A. London: Chapman & Hall, for Science and Art Department. 1881.

of George III. and the end of the century, and "older plate is very scarce and rare, as the collector finds to his cost." Great punch-bowls seem to have been especially popular with colleges and corporations "in the reign of the late Queen Anne." Immense fountains for wine also occur of this period, such as those made for the great Duke of Marlborough, Lord Chesterfield, and others. One of Mr. Cripp's last illustrations shows the decay of art which set in a little later. It is a ewer, made for the Goldsmiths' Company in 1741, and to an eye educated by the lovely work of Elizabeth's time is simply hideous. Here is the description:—

On the lower part of the vase, a winged mermaid with two tails, accompanied by two boy tritons blowing conch shells. The foot is decorated with marine flowers, shells and reptiles; the upper part of the vase with festoons of flowers and the badges of the Company—namely, leopards' heads. The handle is a very bold half-length of a sea god, terminating in foliage.

Except that the mechanical part of the work is excellent, this ewer might have been made in Bond Street in the reign of Queen Victoria.

GALLOWAY'S SCIENTIFIC EDUCATION.*

THIS book is an addition of not immaterial weight to the voices of protest already lifted up in considerable strength against the system of cram and shallow paper-work that has within the last twenty years been spread abroad in this country under the name of education. Mr. Galloway combines the qualifications of a man who has read and thought seriously about the principles of education in general with those of a specialist who can bear witness from his own knowledge to the effect of right and wrong methods of teaching in his own subject. The plan of the book, and the relation of the general to the special part, are thus explained by himself in the preface:—

In discussing scientific and technical education the author felt it impossible to avoid referring to the oldest branches of higher education, classics and mathematics. This was rendered necessary for two reasons; the first being that they are the subjects which have been longest taught in secondary schools and Universities. The Author conceived that, if he could show and prove that eminent authorities on these subjects considered that the modes of teaching them admitted of improvement, which he thinks he has done, it might very fairly be supposed that the teaching of the comparatively newer branches of learning, as those of the Inductive Sciences, might not be perfect. He has also shown, he thinks, from the opinions of the eminent authorities he has quoted, that some of the Inductive Sciences are very imperfectly taught; but he has had to depend upon his own opinion alone for the imperfect way he believes Chemistry is taught.

It will be observed that Mr. Galloway puts his own experience in a rather subordinate place, whereas it is to our mind the really important part of the book. His position, stated in the simplest terms, is this:—"My Lords of the Council, and other persons having authority in the training of youth in these kingdoms, I am credibly informed that your paper examinations and payment by results have more or less failed to give satisfaction all round; and I can tell you as a chemist, speaking from what I myself have seen and know, that they are a failure in chemistry." Manifestly that which Mr. Galloway testifies of his immediate knowledge must and ought to interest us more than what he has read in the treatises and essays of Dr. Whewell, or Sir John Herschel, or Mr. Herbert Spencer, or Mr. Latham, or Mr. Mark Pattison, or Mr. Todhunter. If he had possessed as much literary culture and tact as he does good sense and scientific competence, he would not have overloaded the earlier part of his work with a collection of extracts from almost every recent authority on education and examinations, not particularly well selected or arranged. A hasty reader, judging the book from these chapters, might be tempted to think it a mere compilation, which it is very far from being. Mr. Galloway is not a finished or artistic writer; but when he is speaking of what he knows at first hand he can express himself with clearness and point quite sufficient for his purpose. We cannot help regretting that he has not given more of his space to this, and less to the repetition of topics already familiar to everybody interested in education, and which he is not specially qualified to set forth. People who want to learn the elements of logic and psychology (to which a whole chapter is devoted) will scarcely choose to learn them here. On the other hand, Mr. Galloway's evidence as to what is the state of instruction in his own branch of science, and what it might be, has a peculiar and personal value. And when we say that he tells us what might be, we are understating the nature of his evidence. It is not matter of opinion merely, for he tells what he himself has actually done by a rational method of teaching, sometimes under circumstances that were sufficiently discouraging to begin with. In Dublin, starting from almost nothing, he has turned out students capable, not merely of repeating accounts of other people's work, but of doing original and useful work of their own.

In all these discussions about teaching and examinations there are two distinct branches of the question which are apt to be confounded. We have to consider whether competitive examinations are in themselves the best means, or good means, of promoting education. Then we have to consider, assuming that competition

is to be the rule, how examinations may be made as efficient as the nature of the process admits, and how the process is to be adapted to the different kinds of knowledge. And this is the point to which attention most needs to be directed just now. It may or may not be a good thing to hold severely competitive examinations in mathematics or scholarship. Mr. Galloway appears to side with many distinguished persons who find more harm than good in the practice, and we are not much disposed to quarrel with him on that score. But we need not go so far in order to be with him on the immediate and practical question. It cannot be a reasonable thing to conduct an examination in zoology or chemistry in precisely the same way as an examination in mathematics, and here agitation against a barren routine has a fair chance of being successful, though competition, as a general principle, seems for the present to be firmly established. The truth is that in the older subjects the art of examination has been carried by successive generations of examiners to a higher degree of perfection than has been, or perhaps can be, attained in any of the newer ones. In mathematics and scholarship, as Mr. Galloway truly says, pen and ink are for the most advanced specialist, as well as for the student, the tools of his trade. He is a worker in abstract reasoning and symbols, or in literature and language. Thus it is practicable to make students do on paper, in answer to printed questions, work of the same kind that advanced mathematicians and scholars actually do in original research or criticism; and the conditions, though they must be different from those of original work, are not too dissimilar for the examination to be a real test of power. For the same reasons there is no serious difficulty in excluding cram, in its grosser forms at all events. A University examiner in mathematics or classics who allowed himself to be imposed upon by the sort of thing which not only passes muster but may command prizes in London science examinations (as Mr. Galloway bears witness in one or two curious anecdotes) would simply not know his business. The art of solving mathematical problems may be and is cultivated, but no one can learn it without acquiring real command of the instruments and methods of mathematical reasoning. The art of translating Greek and Latin into English, and English into Greek and Latin, may be and is cultivated; but no one can turn a difficult passage of Greek or Latin into correct and idiomatic English, or produce a respectable Greek or Latin version of a passage from a good English author, without having acquired a real and well-grounded knowledge of the mechanism and structure of the languages. There have been, and there are, persons with a genius for teaching the subjects of classical examinations, like the late Mr. Shilleto, or with a genius for teaching those of mathematical examinations, like Mr. Routh. But such persons must be in the first rank of scholarship and mathematics, and their pupils must be seriously minded to learn. Their teaching is not cramming; its contents and character are determined by the prescribed scheme of the examinations, and exaggerated stress may be laid on this or that detail because it is important for examination purposes, but in the main the instruction given by them is genuine and thorough. Were it not so, it would have no chance. We say nothing here of the intrinsic value of the subjects examined in, and the relative weight that should be given to them; for our part, we believe that the Cambridge course has been vastly improved by the changes of the last few years; but that is not the matter in hand. Even under the old system a good place in the honour lists was an effectual warranty of real grasp and competence in the subjects which the examination professed to test. It is worth noting, however, that the University of Oxford has never relied on paper work alone. Oral examination always has been, and still is, a material part of the procedure of the Oxford schools.

If, then, the Cambridge system was to be extended to the natural sciences, the properly analogous method would have been to require the candidates to show themselves competent in the kind of work that is required of experts in the particular science. As the mathematical student is called on to solve a new problem, and the classical student to interpret a difficult passage, the learner in anatomy should be called on to demonstrate and dissect, the learner in chemistry to analyse and assay. But it is always the easier way, more especially when one is in haste to make a show of results, to copy the details and routine of a system without considering what are the reasons for them in its own circumstances, and whether they apply to the circumstances in which it is to be copied. Accordingly the system of paper work and adding up marks has been applied wholesale to all manner of subjects to which it is very ill adapted, until the climax of absurdity has been reached in the papers issued by the South Kensington Cookery School, which pretend, or a few years ago pretended, to discover the proficiency of young persons in the art of cookery by asking them to describe in writing how they would make an omelette. And so it has been in chemistry and the other sciences. Candidates are asked on paper how they would go to work to test the presence of a given poison in a substance put before them. Mr. Galloway points out that a man may have got up from text-books all about the tests for arsenic, so as to give in writing a fluent account of them which will command high marks, and yet may be perfectly helpless if he is set down in a laboratory to do the thing he has learnt to describe. The competitor in such an examination is under great temptation to neglect knowledge of the things themselves for a show of knowledge of the names of things, and it is to be feared that he often does. He loads himself with a "useless lumber," as Mr. Galloway names it, of facts learnt by rote, and imperfectly understood for want of converse with the facts

* *Education, Scientific and Technical; or, how the Inductive Sciences are Taught and how they ought to be Taught.* By Robert Galloway, M.R.A., F.C.S., &c. London: Trübner & Co. 1881.

themselves. In short, our science teaching has put the cart before the horse. We ought to have adopted the best known methods of teaching, having regard to the nature of each subject, and arranged the system of examination accordingly. We have taken over bodily a system of examination devised for wholly different subjects, at the risk of starving all vitality out of the teaching to make it fit the examinations.

Even within the limits of what can be answered on paper there is great room for improvement. A common fault is to set questions requiring details which no expert thinks of carrying in his head in practice. Thus examinees, Mr. Galloway tells us, are asked to write down atomic weights of elements for which a working chemist would refer to a book. This is like expecting mathematical students to know the table of logarithms by heart, which, we need hardly say, is not the practice of mathematical examiners. It is possible, on the other hand, to imitate their practice by setting chemical questions in the nature of problems calling for a real exercise of thought. Mr. Galloway himself has introduced this with good effect. Again, chemistry cannot be taught by text-books alone; but the text-books may at least be composed on a rational plan. Some of them plunge into a detailed account of the properties of particular elements without giving any preliminary notion of the general properties of matter, of what an element is, or, in short, of the nature of the new field of knowledge the learner is supposed to be entering on. Mr. Galloway gives a specimen of this kind of thing at some length, and his criticism is no more than it deserves. Another of his aversions is the common type of popular science lectures. He finds that persons who have attended these are more troublesome as pupils than those who know nothing, and he regards it as a healthy sign of desire for real knowledge in the people of Manchester that so-called popular lectures are no longer in demand there. Finally, Mr. Galloway pleads strongly for the reconstitution of the Education Office as a substantive department of the Government independent of the Privy Council.

A MAN'S MISTAKE.*

THERE are few men who have not many times in their life fretted over the weak decoction which over-careful hostesses are wont, with an apologetic air, to serve up under the name of tea. The pretence is always barefaced enough. Neither to the taste or smell, nor even to the eye, is it what it says it is. It is, as is known to every one, both to her who gives and to them who take, nothing but warm water slightly coloured and sweetened. It is fit for nothing but the slop-basin, and yet because it is called tea it has to be swallowed down as best it can. Perhaps a fairly good pot had been brewed at first, but the number of the guests had unexpectedly increased, and their wants had been supplied solely from the kettle. In tea-making, by the way, this kind of meanness is still tolerated. A host would be scouted who replenished his half-empty beer jug or wine bottle with cold water, and then, giving it a shake and peeping into it, said that he feared the next glass would not be quite so strong as the last. But what he would never dare to do even secretly, his wife, with all the courage of her sex, will venture on with the most barefaced coolness. Perhaps, however—for this also does happen—the number of the guests had been known from the first, but the allowance of spoonfuls had been intentionally kept too low. A little tea had been served out to a big teapot, and a large measure of hot water. The virtue of prudence had been displayed, economy had been exercised, weak nerves had been considered, and the tea—what little there was—had been spoilt. In what way the novel before us—*A Man's Mistake*, as it is called—has been treated we do not know. It reminds us, however, of tea made either in one way or the other. It is, indeed, as weak and flavourless a decoction as we have been called upon to swallow for many a long day. The author, perhaps, began by writing her story in one volume, and then, to satisfy the requirements of her publisher or the circulating libraries, poured in enough harmless twaddle to swell it out to the proportions of three. Perhaps, on the other hand—for her experience as a novelist is by no means small—from the first she meant to make three volumes, but was either unwilling or unable to afford more material than would barely suffice for one. Be the explanation what it may, she has certainly produced a decoction that we have found almost impossible to gulp down. As we tried to swallow it, we were reminded of the miserable criminals who used to be made on the scaffold to take down a bucket or two of cold water by way of torture. Our lot, in one way, was harder than theirs, for by them stood the executioner, who would quickly free them from any chance of a repetition of the enormous dose; while we know only too well that, if our life is prolonged, many a bucketful still awaits us. We should have thought it impossible that such a story as the one before us could find a single reader, did we not call to mind the kind of conversation that goes on day after day in parlours and other places where ladies most do congregate. Men can no doubt in their way be quite as dull as women, but no man could get through even the opening chapters of this story, unless perchance it was some young curate who had been persuaded to read it aloud to a circle of the literary ladies of a village in the fen-country. Even he at last, driven to desperation, would, we are convinced, get a sore throat,

or an inward conviction that all novel-reading was sinful, long before he had reached the end of the book. We despair, indeed, of making our readers understand how tedious this novel is. No sample will show its dulness, any more than a sample could show the dreariness of a wide marsh or a dried-up desert. It must be gone through before it can be really known how vast and how uniform is its stupidity. Yet, for all that, it will have its readers, for, as we learn by the title-page, its author has already brought out so many stories that, while four are mentioned by name, it takes a double &c. to include the rest.

We were almost overwhelmed by the first chapter. In only twelve pages we had given us twenty-one names of the inhabitants of the village in which the man lived who made the mistake, while in the next twenty pages nine or ten more were added. We presently find out that some of these are merely names, for the bearers of them take no part in the story. Nevertheless we could not tell, as we came upon them, which were of importance, and therefore had to be remembered, and which might be safely forgotten. Our memory was needlessly fatigued, and our energies relaxed almost before the flood of twaddle burst upon us in all its fury. It was too much for us, and at first we sank beneath it. When at last we rose to the surface, we were just able to make out that, after all, there really was something besides words, and that there was a plot. It is hard to know who is the hero of the story—Mr. Aubury, who makes the mistake and gives the book its name, or Mr. Moriston, who marries the heroine. She, too, by the way, makes a very great mistake, and nearly marries the wrong man, who also makes a mistake. Her lover, moreover, makes quite as great a mistake as any one else, and so does a lady who loved Mr. Aubury and with whom he was in love. In fact, almost every one makes mistakes, which are only set right by a malarious fever which kills off one woman, and an able doctor who cures another just at the right time. Every one marries in the end who deserves to marry, and so no one is much the worse for all these mistakes but the unhappy reader. For, if they had not been made, it is pretty clear that the book would not have been written; for even our author must, we presume, have something to set her pen going. Mr. Aubury, whether the hero or not, at all events lived in a castle which had been attacked by "the Warwicks and Plantagenets" and battered by Cromwell's cannon in King Charles's time. He was a somewhat melancholy bachelor of middle age, to whom so much of a mystery attached as can be found in the fact that he had never married. To the reader this mystery is before long cleared up, for we learn that he had been secretly engaged to Miss Alvisa Clershart. She, after her engagement, had met with an accident and had become crippled. Though she had been confined to her couch for many years, yet the reader pricks up his ears when he hears that the village doctor said that it was quite possible that after all she could be cured. That, of course, means that, whatever mistake Mr. Aubury may make in the way of marrying, the faithful lady of the strange name will become his wife in the end. A mysterious widow, Mrs. Maria Plummersleigh by name, happened to visit the doctor's wife. Though her figure was good, it had, we are told, a scarcity of tissue about it. Nevertheless, in spite of her mystery and this distressing scarcity of tissue, every one said that she was just the wife that Mr. Aubury ought to have. No one was more eager for this match than her friend Mrs. Polemont, in whose house she was staying. Many a conversation did these two ladies have over Mr. Aubury, and the style of dress which was most likely to win his eye. One specimen of their talk will perhaps satisfy our readers. Should, however, they find it to their taste, there is, we can assure them, plenty of it to be had:—

"Maria," she said, changing the conversation, "I am so glad I insisted upon your having the navy-blue bonnet. Of all things that put me out of temper, a brown bonnet and a black silk dress do it most effectively. Just come to the glass now and see what a difference I have made in you."

Maria came, little Mr. Polemont prancing round about her, and giving the bonnet a tilt, now up, now down to see in which position it suited her best.

"Well on your forehead, Maria, is the place for it, because it takes off from the length of your face. And now that people wear their hair down over their eyes so, one looks unfurnished with such a great piece seen at the top. You wouldn't like to take to a fringe, would you, Maria? Or else it would become you very well, because of such a quantity of forehead."

Mrs. Plummersleigh said she was afraid the fringe would be out of place.

"Well, yes, perhaps it would."

Mr. Aubury would have been proof against the navy-blue bonnet, had it not been for two mistakes into which he fell. In the first place, he and his Alvisa managed to misunderstand each other. Each thought that the other was tired of the kind of engagement that still existed between them. This, however, by itself would never have made him marry Mrs. Plummersleigh. He had been told that he must engage a lady-companion for his half-sister Linnet, who was a wild young lady of seventeen or eighteen. Linnet and Alvisa, by the way, are a queer pair of names for the two heroines of one novel. For all that we can see, Betty and Molly would have done equally well. So awkward was Mr. Aubury in asking the widow with the scarcity of tissue about her to fill this place that he managed to make her think that he was offering her his hand. He did not like to draw back, and so the mistake was made and they were married. He and his Alvisa came, however, to an understanding. He told her what a blunder he had made, while "almost a glory"—whatever that may be—"flashed into her eyes for just one moment, and then died away." For the new Mrs. Aubury's life, though she was a young woman,

* *A Man's Mistake*. By the Author of "St. Olave's," "Janita's Cross," "Annette," "Little Miss Primrose," &c. &c. 3 vols. London: Hurst & Blackett. 1881.

and, barring the tissue, in good health, the reader hereupon would not give a brass farthing. She is as certain to die as Alvisa is to recover. As there was a mystery about her, she might be proved to have a former husband still living, but for certain reasons this did not seem likely. Linnet meanwhile had fallen in love with a young Scotchman, as poor as he was heroic. He is made to believe that she has engaged herself to a wealthy lover, while she thinks that he has treated her with scorn. As an easy way out of the difficulty, she at once accepts the offer of a rich but middle-aged and most unheroic wooer; and then, as might be expected, begins to look wretchedly ill and to lose her complexion. Nevertheless, the bridesmaids are appointed, the wedding dress ordered, and the day fixed. These things are all very good in themselves; but for poor Linnet there was no longer "any shining of Heaven's blue through thinning boughs, on which the golden glory of autumn lingered, any glamour of mystery, or hope, or wonder, in the way she had chosen for herself." Her situation seemed indeed desperate, and so did the young Scotch hero's. Our only hope was that the middle-aged lover would have a fit, or be pitched off his horse into a stone quarry. His life is spared, however, and yet the engagement is broken off. We must leave something to arouse the curiosity of our readers, and so we will not tell them how this happy result was brought about. The Auburys spend the winter in the North of Italy. The husband discovers his wife's secret, and learns that she had been guilty of the enormity of having once been a lady's-maid. There is nothing, therefore, left for her but to die penitent. This she quickly does by the help of "a malaria fever of a dangerous type." Alvisa soon after recovers from the accident which had so long crippled her, and marries her old lover, while Linnet is reconciled to her poor Scotchman. Even the rich middle-aged lover is provided with a wife, and every one is left happy except the reader, who is so broken in spirit long before he reaches the end that he has not any heart left to rejoice at the deliverance which has at length come upon him.

GERMAN LITERATURE.

A CALENDAR by Dr. Dittrich of the letters and official documents emanating from, or addressed to, Cardinal Gasparo Contarini (1) is rather a work of reference than one for perusal, but may become the groundwork of one of the most important contributions to modern historical literature. Dr. Dittrich appears to intend writing the life of Contarini, which will be nearly equivalent to the history of the most interesting phase of the Roman counter-Reformation. Luther, in homely but accurate phrase, had brought the Church of Rome to its senses. All men of insight agreed in the necessity of a reformation so far as discipline was concerned. But one party, represented by Loyola and Caraffa, wished to go no further, and to make up for the tacit admission that discipline needed amendment by the sternest severity towards dissentients in doctrine; while another, represented by Contarini, Pole, and Cervini, inclined, perhaps unconsciously, in the direction of Protestantism. Between the two stood the mass of conservative sentiment impersonated in Pope Paul III. himself, a fine gentleman of the old school, who in his heart would fain have perpetuated the traditions of his immediate predecessors, but had the wisdom to discern that this was not possible, and only hesitated between Caraffa and Contarini. The latter was removed by death in 1542, not without suspicions of poison; but the party of conciliation was still strong enough to place the moderate and humane Cervini in the Papal chair as late as 1555, and bigotry only triumphed with his successor, Caraffa. Even the comparatively dry bones of a calendar give a highly favourable impression of Contarini as a man of the purest motives and most amiable disposition, as well as of the most remarkable range of accomplishments. He appears as a classical and Biblical scholar, statesman, administrator, diplomatist; astronomers send him their unpublished works to correct; and he displays acquaintance with the most abstruse intricacies of scholastic logic. By far the larger share of the collection is devoted to the papers connected with his legation to Germany, shortly before his death, which are most valuable for the history of the Reformation in that country. There is, however, perhaps more personal interest in those of a somewhat earlier date, which include more correspondence on private matters characteristic of the writer and his friends, among whom Pole, Cervini, Sadoleto, and Bembo are particularly to be named. Apart from the religious controversies of the time, the tone of their correspondence is quite classical, reminding us of the circles of Cicero or Pliny. Other letters to or from less distinguished persons frequently give a curious insight into the manners and circumstances of the time. Among Contarini's most important correspondents on political business are Morone and Cardinal Farnese. The earliest letters of all relate chiefly to the affairs of the Venetian Republic, for, before his elevation to the Cardinalate in 1535, he was a Venetian senator. The calendar is followed by an appendix of documents of which the full text is given, almost all of great interest. Among the most curious is a report presented by Contarini to Pope Paul III., exhorting his Holiness to relinquish the lucrative extortions of the Roman datarate. Contarini says roundly that the Popes since Paul II. have all disgraced themselves, and adds, *Magnum certe negotium et infinitum, si quis volunt*

(1) *Regesten und Briefe des Cardinals Gasparo Contarini (1483-1542).* Herausgegeben von Dr. F. Dittrich. Braunschweig: Huy. London: Williams & Norgate.

omnia gesta omnium Pontificum tueri. Dr. Dittrich's diligence as a compiler and lucidity as an abbreviator are equally admirable, and it is much to be wished that he may be enabled to fulfil his design of writing the complete biography of his interesting hero.

The life of another remarkable personage of the Reformation era has been ably written by Herr Hermann Dalton (2). Johannes a Lasco, or Laski, is peculiarly interesting to Englishmen from the influence he exerted in the cause of the English Reformation under Edward VI. His counsels are stated by contemporaries to have had much weight with the wavering Cranmer, and to have contributed to the evolution of that Calvinistic element in the Church of England, whose co-existence in her, side by side with antagonistic schools of thought, gives her a character of universality unknown to less comprehensive Churches. Lasco had come to England as a fugitive. The nephew of the Polish Primate, he had surrendered the most tempting ecclesiastical prospects from fidelity to conviction; and, after an eventful career in Friesland, found a refuge in England, where he enjoyed the friendship of all the leaders of the Reformation, and became superintendent of all foreign Protestant congregations. The accession of Mary drove him back to the Continent, and he eventually found his way to his own country, just then the most tolerant in Europe, where his talents and station procured him the undisputed leadership of the Protestant movement until his death. Had the Reformation triumphed in Poland, his name might have been hardly less celebrated than Melanchthon's; but the disastrous victory of the Jesuits almost blotted it out until the republication of his works by Dr. Kuyper a few years ago. Herr Dalton, partly under Dr. Kuyper's guidance, has produced a valuable monograph, of which students of the English, no less than the Polish, Reformation will do well to take note.

Fritz Hommel's lecture on the Semitic race (3) may be designed as an indirect protest against the scandalous anti-Jewish agitation in Germany. He has formed a very high estimate of the capacity of the race, even in the fine arts and other departments where they have seldom or never attained supreme excellence, and he protests against Mahomedan polygamy and general depreciation of woman being regarded as inherent faults in the Arabic character. He also contends for the original monotheism of the Semites, maintaining that the polytheism which undoubtedly prevailed among them from an early date was borrowed from the Accadians. There is a useful summary of the peculiarities of Semitic grammar, and a map showing the diffusion of the various Semitic peoples and languages at various periods of history.

An especially Semitic topic is discussed by Dr. F. Delitzsch in his disquisition on the site of Eden (4) as illustrated by Assyrian documents. He rejects the theories which locate Paradise in India, Ethiopia, Armenia, or any country remote from that where the tradition originated, and identifies it simply with the neighbourhood of Babylon; the Pison and Gihon being in his view merely branches of the Euphrates. The resemblance of the story of the Fall to the Babylonian myth of the serpent Tiamat, and other similar analogies, are urged in further support of this theory. About half the volume is occupied by a series of elaborate excursions on Assyrian geography.

Professor Volkmar's "Jesus of Nazareth" (5) is designed as an exhibition of the life and teachings of Christ from the genuine Christian literature of the first century. Unfortunately the Professor's standard of authenticity is so exacting that he hardly leaves himself any materials for his edifice. He allows none of the Biblical writings to belong to the first century except the Gospel of Mark, the Apocalypse, and the greater epistles of St. Paul. There is abundance of acuteness and earnestness in his book, but, considering how generally his conclusions are disputed, a less dogmatic tone would not have been unbecoming. The book will nevertheless be of great value and interest, particularly as the author's views as to the late date of some of the canonical writings, and the consequent claim of semi-apocryphal works like Hermas to be discussed on an equal footing with them, render his work more of a review of the general body of early Christian literature than a mere addition to the innumerable "Lives of Christ."

F. Nietzsche's thoughts on prejudices in morals (6) are less searching and also less eccentric than might have been expected from some of the writer's earlier performances. Their character is aphoristic, but they are in general very deficient in the pith and terseness which the aphoristic style requires. Their polemic against received ideas is less vigorous than might have been anticipated, and their profession of originality greater than their performance. At the same time there are many acute remarks, such as the observation that, since Continental princes have generally received a military education, parasites have forsaken Court circles, and must now be looked for at the tables of eminent financiers.

(2) *Johannes a Lasco. Beitrag zur Reformationsgeschichte Polens, Deutschlands und Englands.* Von Hermann Dalton. Gotha: Perthes. London: Williams & Norgate.

(3) *Die Semiten und ihre Bedeutung für die Kulturgeschichte.* Von Fritz Hommel. Leipzig: Schulze. London: Williams & Norgate.

(4) *Wo lag das Paradies? Eine biblisch-assyriologische Studie. Mit zahlreichen assyriologischen Beiträgen zur biblischen Länder- und Völkerkunde.* Von Dr. F. Delitzsch. Leipzig: Hinrichs. London: Williams & Norgate.

(5) *Jesus Nazarenus und die erste christliche Zeit, nach den Schriftzeugen des ersten Jahrhunderts.* Von G. Volkmar. Lieb. 1. Zürich: Schmidt. London: Williams & Norgate.

(6) *Morgenröthe. Gedanken über die moralischen Vorurtheile.* Von F. Nietzsche. Chemnitz: Schmeitzner. London: Williams & Norgate.

The first volume of Dr. Schultze's work on the philosophy of natural science (7) is mainly historical, and evinces little originality until he comes to deal with modern developments of philosophy. His observations are then sometimes very much to the point, as when, in commenting upon the close approach of Leibnitz to the doctrine of evolution, he remarks that Leibnitz contemplated, as a series of distinct steps, what science now regards as one perpetual transition. He may perhaps be briefly characterized as a Darwinian naturalist whose philosophical sympathies are with Kant rather than with Hume, and who deems that the theory of evolution need not lead either to absolute scepticism or to dogmatic materialism.

Ever and anon in the wilderness of contemporary literature we encounter a book so fresh, so natural, and so pleasing, that it seems to have been transplanted from some other sphere rather than to have sprung up where it is found. Such is actually the case with the charming letters and memoirs of General and Madame von Riedesel (8), for the matter is more than a century old, and the original publication more than eighty; but they are so little known to the present generation as to constitute practically a new book. General von Riedesel, a Hessian by birth, was at the outbreak of the American War of Independence an officer in the service of the Duke of Brunswick-Wolfenbüttel, Lessing's princely master—a weak extravagant prince who paid his debts, or some of them, by selling his subjects to fight the battles of the English in America. Riedesel was despatched on this service at the beginning of 1776; his wife, with three young children, speedily followed him—an heroic undertaking in those days. From the unwillingness of her female companion to cross the Atlantic, Mme. von Riedesel was detained several months in England, and her memoirs contain several curious traits of English life at the time. Arrived in America, she shared her husband's hardships, including several campaigns, the disastrous capitulation of Saratoga, and a long captivity, much of which was spent in travelling under circumstances of great difficulty. Every page is full of interest, particularly the description of the bombardment of Saratoga—where Mme. Riedesel and her children were the inmates of a cellar—and the incidents of imprisonment. The American officers appear to have behaved with remarkable generosity; and the intense exasperation of the common people against everything British was rather shown by rudeness than cruelty. The charm of the book, however, consists chiefly in the unconscious portrayal of a perfect feminine character in the relations of wife and mother. With no apparent consciousness that she is relating anything remarkable, Mme. von Riedesel portrays a succession of such trials and troubles as have fallen to the lot of few, borne with ease, and even pleasure, under the impulse of the same strong affection which had brought her to America. Her husband's frequent sicknesses and other grievances touch her far more nearly than her own; and her account of them, although by no means highly coloured, affects the reader with her own emotion. Nothing is more effective than her scrupulous avoidance of all exaggeration; with no exercise or affectation of literary methods, her artless narrative is a model of simple pathos. General von Riedesel's share in the book is nearly confined to a military memoir on the capitulation of Saratoga. He returned safely to Europe with his wife, and survived to be once again sold into foreign service, this time to the Dutch. He died in 1800; Madame von Riedesel in 1808.

Mr. Becker (9), it appears, has resided in the United States for seventeen years, and made himself thoroughly acquainted with the seamy side of American life and institutions. It is no great breach of charity to surmise that he has not himself succeeded as an emigrant, otherwise he would have had less time and less inducement to disparage his adopted country. A book mainly on so rich a subject as the eccentricities of American professional politicians and the rascalities of "rings" and "lobbyists" cannot fail to be amusing, and might have been useful to the nation concerned, but for the writer's evident malevolence. A long indictment, dwelling ruthlessly upon every real or imaginary shortcoming and ignoring the other side of the question, produces the effect of a long libel, especially when many of the complaints are out of date or entirely frivolous. Mr. Becker, for instance, seems to think a riot in Arkansas, the Mayo of America, a blot upon the whole Union; and is horrified at the haberdashers' stores in the Western cities being served by shopmen, although he admits that the same custom prevails in Vienna—and in London too, he might have added. The most curious point about his book is the occasion of its republication, which seems to be merely the gratification of a grudge of the editor, F. von Hellwald, against the German press in America. Herr von Hellwald, it seems, some years ago took occasion to remark in a German magazine that the American German press was, as a rule, very ignorant, very miserable, and very ungrammatical. The injured journalists responded by a torrent of abuse, thereby establishing the soundness of Herr von Hellwald's criticisms; but he, instead of feeling complimented by this confirmation of his

(7) *Philosophie der Naturwissenschaft*. Von Dr. Fritz Schultze. Teil 1. Leipzig: Günther. London: Williams & Norgate.

(8) *Briefe und Berichte des Generals und der Generalin von Riedesel während des nordamerikanischen Krieges, in den Jahren 1776 bis 1783 geschrieben*. Freiburg und Tübingen: Mohr. London: Williams & Norgate.

(9) *Sociale und politische Zustände in den Vereinigten Staaten Nord-amerikas*. Von J. H. Becker. Mit Einleitung von Friedrich von Hellwald. Augsburg: Lampart & Co. London: Williams & Norgate.

veracity, republishes Mr. Becker's book and accompanies it with a long prefatory invective, proving no more, we fear, than that he cannot understand a joke. Among the enormous crimes gravely enumerated as calculated to call down the wrath of Heaven on Transatlantic journalists, German and English, are that one of them allows his subscribers to pay in potatoes, and that another compares earthly happiness to the tail of a soaped pig.

Another German traveller (10) testifies, on the contrary, that it is a most unusual thing to find a German denizen of the United States speaking otherwise than with enthusiasm of the country. It is true, he adds, that the German who has not succeeded has commonly perished in the attempt. The author of this observation is a very instructive and entertaining writer, who has made the tour of the world to inquire how the various European nations are acquitting themselves of their mission as colonists. The larger part of his first volume, and the most interesting to English readers, is occupied by a description of his visit to New South Wales and Victoria. We are happy to find his account highly favourable, not merely as regards the material development of the colonies, but as to their social characteristics and the general standard of culture. The physical conditions of Australia will, he thinks, ultimately produce a type of inhabitant resembling the Sicilian or Southern Italian. Some of the traveller's descriptions of Australian scenery, especially of the great cataract in the Blue Mountains, are very striking.

Herr Leopold Katscher (11) has not personally visited China, and his "Sketches from Chinese Life" are consequently a compilation. Their materials are derived to a great extent from Archdeacon Gray's work, the best Herr Katscher could have used, and, being manipulated with his accustomed literary skill, the result is a very satisfactory volume.

The last number of the *Russian Review* (12) contains an article of great interest to English readers, one on the communication between Europe and India through the Tekke-Tartar district, by General Annenkov. General Annenkov considers that the connexion of Russia and India by a railway through the Tekke oasis, Herat, and Candahar, may have a most important influence upon the commercial relations of Europe and the East; and he seems to hint, though he does not expressly say so, that it would supply Russia with a strong motive for keeping the peace in Central Asia and Afghanistan.

(10) *Rund um die Erde. Sitten- und Culturschilderungen aus den hervorragendsten Colonialländern nach ihrem heutigen Standpunkt*. Von Hugo Zöller. Bd. 1. Köln: Dumont-Schauberg. London: Williams & Norgate.

(11) *Bilder aus dem Chinesischen Leben. Mit besonderer Rücksicht auf Sitten und Gebräuche*. Von Leopold Katscher. Leipzig und Heidelberg: Winter. London: Williams & Norgate.

(12) *Russische Revue*. Monatsschrift für die Kunde Russlands. Herausgegeben von Carl Röltger. Jahrg. x, Hft. 7. St. Petersburg: Schmitz-dorff. London: Trübner & Co.

We have received a letter from a friend of Colonel Olcott, objecting to some strictures which we lately made upon that gentleman and Madame Blavatsky as founders of the so-called Theosophic Society of India. Our remarks were based upon the published accounts of their doings, which struck us as bearing a suspicious resemblance to those of the "spirit mediums" in Europe and America. We are quite willing to accept our Correspondent's statement that Colonel Olcott occupied an honourable position in his own country, and to believe that both he and Madame Blavatsky are credulous enthusiasts, and not unscrupulous adventurers. When, however, people promulgate pernicious theories, and adopt practices which, under another name, have been authoritatively pronounced illegal and mischievous, they must not be surprised if, in the absence of private information as to their biography, they lay themselves open to adverse criticism.

NOTICE.

We beg leave to state that we decline to return rejected Communications; and to this rule we can make no exception.

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